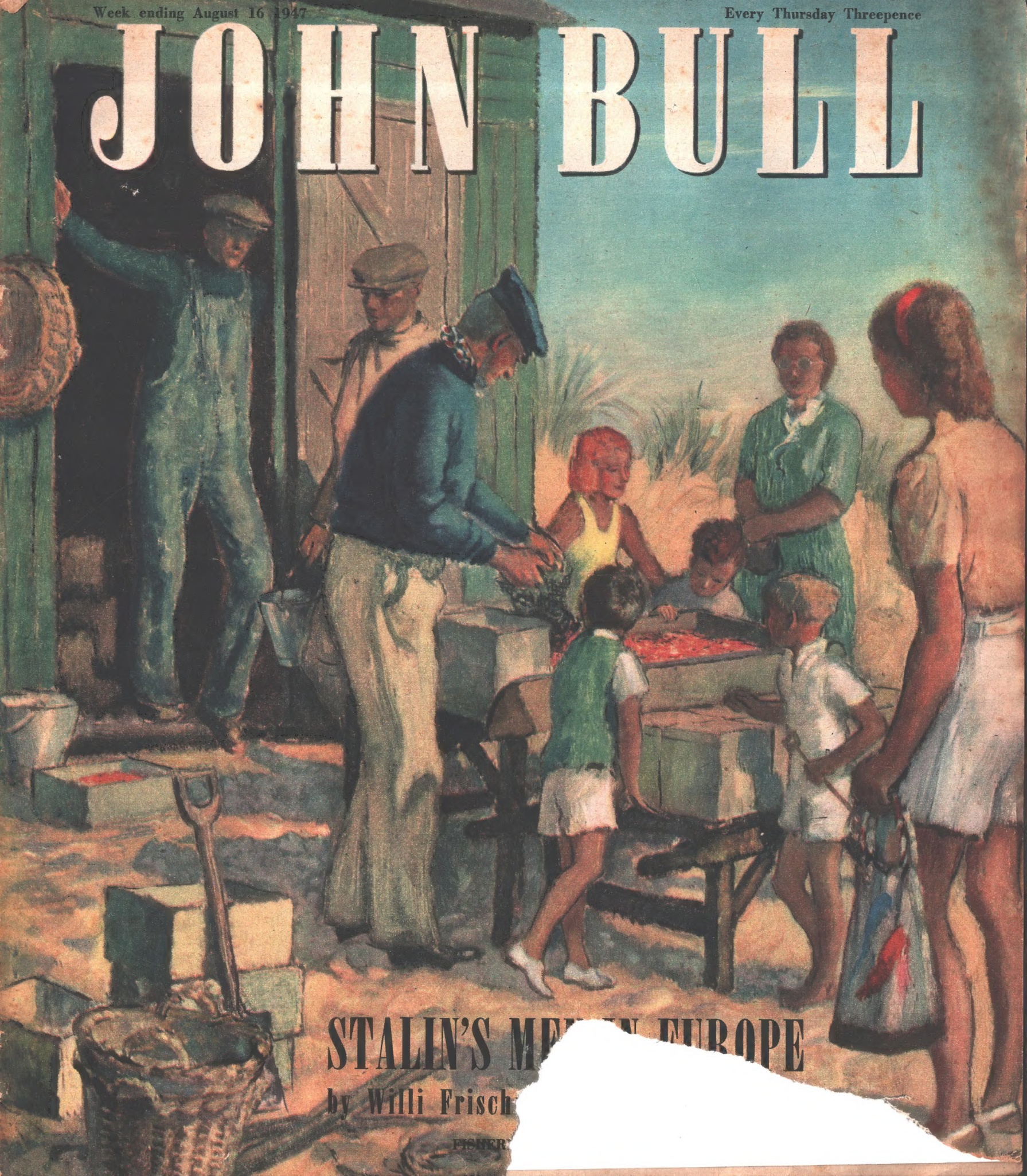
Week ending August 16 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

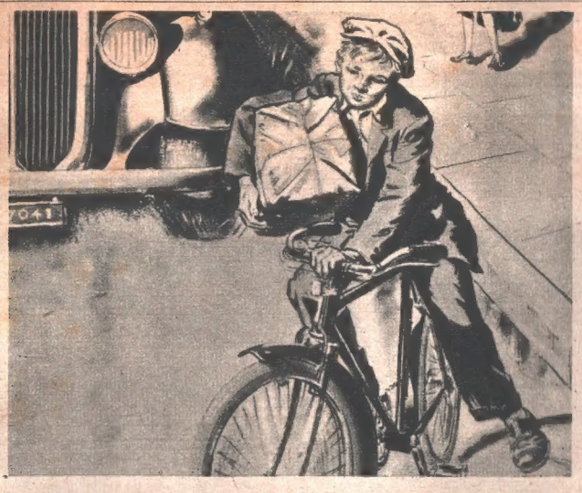
JOHN BULL



STALIN'S M[illegible] EUROPE

by Willi Frisch[illegible]

FIGHTER[illegible]



He blamed himself— afterwards . . .

(A TRUE INCIDENT IN A SHOPPING STREET, THIS SPRING)

How many traffic mistakes can you spot in this picture? Together, they cost the boy a leg. He will never ride again.

To begin with, of course, there's the mistake of carrying a parcel when riding a bicycle. Its weight spoils the rider's balance, and prevents him from keeping the bicycle under control. (Paragraphs 63 and 71, the Highway Code).

And the motorist? His prompt action saved the boy's life, undoubtedly. But a trifle more foresight *might* have saved his leg: our Highway Code (paragraphs 41, 46 and 49, and, *very* important, pages 29 and 30) advises us to give cyclists ample room, to adjust speed to traffic conditions, to be able to stop in the distance we can see is clear, and to avoid driving closely *behind* the vehicle in front.

Neither the boy nor the motorist was the "careless type." Both were experienced. Both knew their Highway Code. Both failed to apply its advice continuously, every minute they were on the road.

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD

LEARN THE HIGHWAY CODE

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

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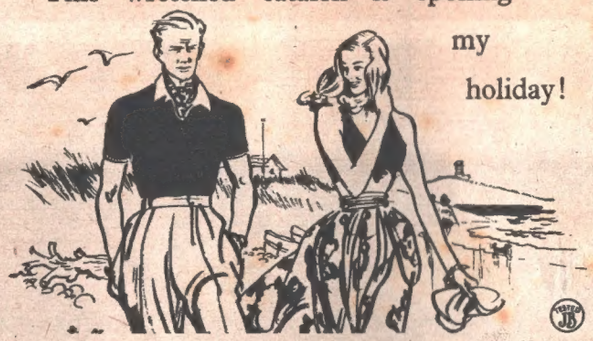
Your smile sparkles with a new whiteness, a new brilliance, after just a week of using Pepsodent—the toothpaste that contains Irium. *Exclusive to Pepsodent*, Irium is the most effective tooth-cleaning substance known to dental science. Its soft, gentle action emulsifies and washes clean away the dull stains and harmful film that cloud the natural lustre of your teeth. It leaves them polished, gleaming like pearls — whiter than you have seen them since you were a child! Use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year.

It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

PD 125-786-55

This wretched catarrh is spoiling my holiday!



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"Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

You'll certainly agree! Just taste these chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with *chocolate* to sustain, *glucose* to energise, *milk* to nourish you.

3½d.

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Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure "LIVE" Yeast* in palatable form. And "live" Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real "live"* Vitamin Yeast.

At all chemists.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets 1/3, 150 for 3/-, 300 for 5/-.

NEWMAID Self-generating VACUUM CLEANER

Chosen for R.M.S.'s "Queen Elizabeth" and "Queen Mary" and unequalled for your daily "run around" and weekly "clean." Retailers now have stocks

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BURRAGE & BOYDE LTD.
NEWMAID WORKS, NORTHAMPTON

IT'S BANG ON! *say R.A.F. types*

Wisdom's straight line tufts are just the job for snooping into awkward corners.

Wisdom's handle grip is in line with its brushing surface. You can jink in any direction with everything under control.

These widely spaced tufts are wizard for cleaning between teeth.

MADE IN ENGLAND

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THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

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CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

Never Vary . . so smooth, so cool

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..for the first time *Max Factor • Hollywood* incorporates these three amazing features in one sensational new lipstick .....

The colour stays on until you take it off

New original formula does not dry the lips

New kind of lip make up . . oh! so smooth

IN MODERN DESIGN METAL CASE

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AUGUST 16, 1947 VOL. 82 NO. 2146

Give Austerity a Meaning

WE NOW KNOW that, because the economic crisis is desperately serious, we have got to do without a lot more of the things we would like. The new programme of austerity inevitably means less food, less fun, less freedom to please ourselves.

The nation does not blame the Government for announcing these new hardships. The complaint is rather that they were not announced earlier, before things got so bad.

The British people have weathered worse storms, and they will survive the economic storm in time.

But they have some stipulations to make. The cause for which we are now to endure what may be years of increased hardship is nothing less than our own survival. So the hardships have got to ensure, not only that we do survive, but that we ultimately triumph over our present troubles and win through to real prosperity.

It is the Government's duty to organize this, and to do so undeterred by fears of unpopularity or by sectional clamours. Moreover, the Government which asks us to lead duller, sparser, harder lives must always tell us exactly what progress we are earning by our sacrifices.

There will be no tolerance for fumbling and wishful thinking. Only complete and continual frankness on the part of Ministers will promote the confidence without which we shall fail.

Equality of sacrifice, the second thing the Government must promote, is equally important to morale.

"Fair shares for all" has been this Government's proudest and, on the whole, most successful slogan. It must act upon it now with the utmost vigour.

Food Before Politics

THANK HEAVEN FOR ONE MAN in this angry, bewildered world who keeps calm, sticks to the point, and insists that we face the simple truth!

That man is Sir John Boyd Orr, the driving force behind F.A.O.—the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

F.A.O., representing fifty nations, meets at Geneva this month, and, if Sir John has his way, will set up a World Food Council to clear up the world-wide food muddle.

Napoleon said that an army marches on its stomach. Sir John goes one better. He says the whole world marches on its stomach. He is right.

JOHN BULL believes him to be completely justified in his contention that food must come before politics, and that if the nations cannot agree on a sane distribution of the available supplies, they cannot hope to agree about anything.

It is no mere bee in Orr's bonnet when he tells us, too, that successful co-operation in handling the food problem over the next two years will do more to promote sound peacemaking than anything else.

From that point of view his claim that the Geneva conference will be the most important since the war is probably correct.

For if the old commercial system of exchanging foodstuffs between producing and consuming nations breaks down again, so that crops are burned in America while people starve in Europe and Asia, then we must make a new system or perish. Sir John has told us what is wrong. He has also shown us what we ought to do.

In this country, our own domestic difficulties underline the necessity of taking him seriously.

Don't Forget Our Rivers

BEACHES, MOORLANDS, mountains and forests—all these natural playgrounds are likely to be protected when Mr. Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning, brings in a Bill to set up our National Parks.

But the National Parks Committee, in making the report on which Mr. Silkin is expected to act, forgot something just as important. They forgot about rivers.

British rivers have been in need of protection ever since the industrial revolution started nearly 200 years ago. In that time many of them have been poisoned.

Refuse from chemical factories, sewage from towns, and all kinds of unhealthy rubbish has been dumped into the waters which once ran pure, glistening and full of life from the hills to the sea.

Great stretches of rivers like the Tyne, Ribble and Severn have had their fish killed and been made unsafe for bathing by these foul practices. Selfish manufacturers and mean town councillors have carried on the bad work in spite of protests. British rivers have been poisoned to save a few greedy people a few pounds.

All the so-called "effluents" which cause this shocking pollution could be disposed of locally—but it is easier and cheaper to turn them into the nearby stream, without thought for dwellers downstream or the creatures of the water.

Attempts to control river pollution have in the past come up against an invincible barrier of money and privilege. *Now* is the chance to break this down finally.

Mr. Silkin has been advised to set up, besides the twelve National Parks, many "conservation areas" where amenities will be considered before the uglier utilities. Let him include all our rivers in those areas.

No man should be allowed to drop an ounce of poisonous matter into any stream—for no man owns the whole course of a river, nor can he know whom he may harm.

Here is a chance for the Government to earn the gratitude of all fishermen (of whom there are hundreds of thousands) and of everyone else who prefers to dwell beside a living river rather than an open sewer.

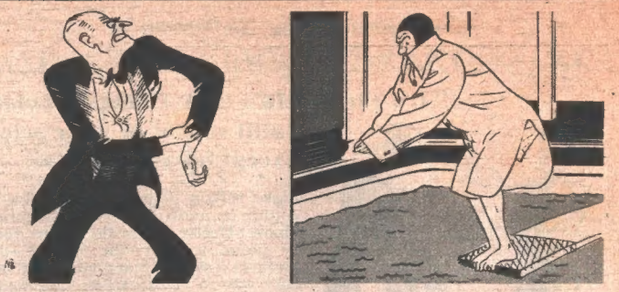
What Scotland Expects

THIS MONTH'S GREAT exhibition at Edinburgh, "Enterprise Scotland," will show the first fruits of postwar development north of the Tweed. The war brought new industries and ideas into Scotland; the Government's plans look like removing the Glasgow area permanently from the "distressed" class.

But there is much yet to be done. Scotland has in the past suffered terribly from the ruthless grip of commercial monopolies and big landowners.

The miners of Lanarkshire, the shipyard workers of Clydeside and the remaining Highland crofters all have bitter memories of recent hardships.

The Scots fear that their special problems will never get a fair hearing far away at Westminster. So "Enterprise Scotland" is more than a symbol of Scottish revival; it tells us plainly what Scotland expects.



1 **Choke-shrink . . .** Sam hasn't a rabbit up his sleeve. The joke's on him for buying a shirt which shrank until the cuffs vanished.

2 **Hope-shrink . . .** Jack is going off the deep end! He bought his shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage Now he's hoping to shrink it to fit.

3 **Won't-shrink . . .** Buy your shirts, overalls, pyjamas the right size . . . if the label says "Sanforized" they won't shrink out of fit.

SANFORIZED SHRUNK FABRIC

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT!

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

FOR A BRILLIANT SHOE SHINE

Black, Brown & Tonette. Tins 4d. and 7½d.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

Snap sonny at the seaside!

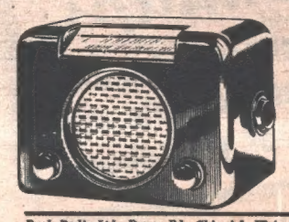
CHILDREN on holiday offer many opportunities for unconventional photographs, but you must be ready to snap at once. Remember, all the charm of an amusing attitude quickly vanishes, so be prepared for instant action.

For close-up pictures focus carefully, choose a low viewpoint, fast shutter speed and wide lens aperture, and *always* use an Ilford Selo film.

ILFORD SELO

Christopher Stone says—

How right you'll be to choose



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MODEL DAC 90 (*illustrated*)

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Make certain of *your* Hoover now by getting in touch with your Authorised Hoover Dealer. Have the cleaner you'll be proud to own—the Hoover—that 'beats as it sweeps as it cleans'. It's the only way to clean carpets thoroughly.

PRICES FROM £10.10.0
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The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS . . as it Sweeps . . as it Cleans
HOOVER LIMITED
PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDX.

How much is an hour's sleep worth?

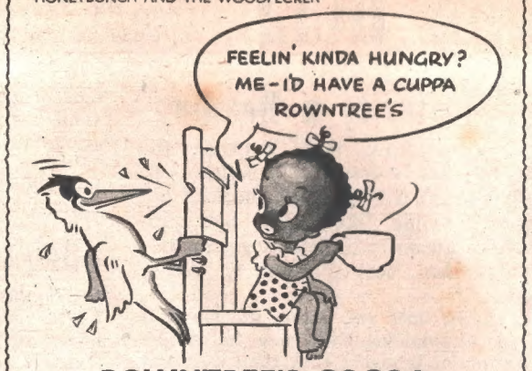
Can we sleep less without paying a price for the loss? Many serious thinkers believe so, but recent experiments suggest otherwise.

In those experiments boys were deprived of two hours' sleep at night. Next day, they used up twenty-five per cent. more energy than usual doing brain work. The fact is that the loss of even one hour's sleep has to be paid for out of our store of energy.

Still more important than the *length*, is the *quality* of sleep we get. One hour of deep sleep is worth three of fitful sleep. That is why Horlicks is of such value at bedtime. It promotes the deep unbroken sleep we need for renewed energy next day. . . . Horlicks remains in short supply.

HORLICKS

HONEYBUNCH AND THE WOODPECKER



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So grateful—so genial—so GOOD

"You deserve a Whitbread!"

WHITBREAD'S Superb **PALE ALE**

PLAY SOLO . . .
and remember
SOLO
also means
REAL ORANGE JUICE

DISCRIMINATING HOUSEWIVES ask for SOLO Jams & Marmalade

ARTIST AND TECHNICIAN have worked together to produce gas water heaters that are as delightful to the eye as they are efficient in use.

Handsome is and handsome does that's the GAS idea!

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SAXA
A 'fine'
SALT

b for baby, and bottle, and bib, and bonnet, and benefit, and blessing. **g** for goodness, and gain, and growth. **n** for Nestlé's Milk, which has so often succeeded when everything else has failed. **m** for mother, and Molly, and me.

Take it from me
Phillips
Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

PER-FIG-LY DELICIOUS!

Once again in 1lb. Drums

Still the same tempting, sugar-sprinkled morsels of half fruit and half fruit jelly, and like most good things — still rather hard to find.

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

"QUITE mad!" said the Cheshire Cat, disappearing slowly. "Well!" thought Alice, "I've seen a cat without a grin but never a grin without a cat. It's as silly as eating cheese without Crawford's Cream Crackers!"

After Tenniel, by permission of MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits

SCOTCHING THE SPIV NURSERIES

by HILDE MARCHANT

To flashy teen-agers money has never come more easily, but now industry is planning to smash the appeal of shady dead-end jobs and set boys along the path to useful work

ONE EVENING, IN A YOUTH CLUB in North London, an argument started among some of the tough boys of the district. They were preparing for a fight when the youngest produced from his pocket what looked like a cut-throat razor.

The priest in charge sailed in and grasped the boy's hand. The "razor" was a black tail comb.

The boy had merely been showing off.

Later, during a quiet talk, he told the priest that he had been ragged at work by other boys because he was soft. And the reason they thought he was soft was that he earned his extra pocket money by overtime—instead of "the dogs."

A few weeks later, at the same club, a nervous and rather reticent boy was seen giving a great display in front of the girls at the Friday night social. He was trying to be a "masher." This was not part of his rather quiet character; he was making something of a fool of himself.

The club leader found out why. The boy had been taunted by other youths at the factory where he worked, because he "had never been with a girl."

In a recent report, Church of England authorities gave examples of youngsters being encouraged by older workers in the factories to be lazy, shiftless and immoral.

The Church report indeed shed light on a problem now at last being tackled in Britain—the problem of putting our young people to work in the right sort of jobs under the right sort of conditions.

Apprenticeship to Spivdom

Where *are* the young workers? The bulk, of course, are getting their first foothold in industry. But far too many are chasing easy money in blind-alley jobs in rotten fly-by-night factories. And too many are serving their apprenticeship to spivdom on street corners and dog tracks.

You can go, as I went one Sunday evening, to the saloon bar of a public house in an industrial district and see a dozen youths of about eighteen years of age, wearing long, floppy jackets that look as if the coat hangers are still in them, drinking and jitterbugging round a juke box.

These youths pull rolls of notes out of their pockets to buy a round of drinks. The source of this easy money is not difficult to find. It is the acute shortage of juvenile labour.

All the factories are competing for young workers—factories ranging from the large, well-run places with light and air, canteens and medical services, to the dingy, insanitary, back-street dumps, with a vacancy board outside which permanently offers jobs to young people at good wages.

Finding employers still scrambling for their services, many youngsters are no longer prepared to take a job at 30s. or £2 a week in order to learn a trade.

They are no longer impressed by the security of a skilled and progressive job. They demand £4 a week as van boys; and a good deal more than that in small tailoring establishments. I heard of openings at £6 a week for youths who care to turn their school lessons in woodcraft to assembling expensive but shoddy furniture. The "craftsmanship" was of the nail and glue-pot kind.

There are youths who buy paint and distemper from the shops and offer to redecorate people's homes at £5 a week. There are free-lance, odd-job boys who can pick up £2 a day and, in some cases, get a nice packet of commission from black market sales.

Fewer and Fewer Young Workers

The situation is bad enough at present. It will get worse in the next ten years, because the shortage of juvenile labour will be aggravated.

The number of available young workers between the ages of fourteen and eighteen fell from 3,326,000 in 1937 to 2,667,000 in 1945—a drop of twenty per cent. This was largely due to the decrease in the birthrate in the period between wars.

From now on, the raising of the school-leaving age will come into the picture. Moreover, the State is giving extra help to parents who want their children to go on to a university.

It has been estimated that by 1955 the young people under the age of eighteen available to industry will be just about half the present number. By mid-1955 and for some years afterwards, there are not likely to be more than 850,000 young people a year to refresh the labour force. Somehow, our young workers must be got into useful jobs—useful to themselves and to the country.

What sensible efforts can be made to meet this problem of the boys on the street corner—the easy-money element among our young people? The element from whom came the tragic young scoundrels of the Antiquis killing?

Now, at last, a new charter for young people in industry is being drafted by the Ministry of Labour, employers and trades unionists. To fight what it calls "spiv development" the T.U.C. may urge that under-eighteens should be barred from working in the liquor trade, and pin-table and billiards saloons. Boys under sixteen may also be banned from employment in street trading or in fair grounds.

When the charter is drawn up it will change the whole approach to the entry of young people into industry. They are no longer to be regarded purely as producers. They are to be regarded as students, and wherever possible they will be released from work one day a week to go to a county school.

They will also be given a chance to put their aspirations and grievances before labour youth committees and to elect their own factory representatives for production committees. They may not have much to subscribe to the general organization of the factory but they will have positive ideas to present on their own situation.

Progressive Firms Try It Out

The charter may sound idealistic to older workers who still retain their natural suspicions. But it has already been put into practice by a few progressive companies. At least three adopted this "student" apprentice scheme for their young workers even before the war. None of them has any shortage of recruits. Local schoolmasters have the utmost confidence in sending their pupils to such firms—for a job there is a prize worth having.

What is needed, side by side with such progressive schemes, is an immediate assault on the slum factories. For too long industrial slum property has survived by evading its responsibility to the worker. Many do not even pretend to conform to the Factories' Act.

For generations the pottery industry has been a father-to-son craft industry. Part of the heritage was straw-covered floors in damp, airless sheds, poor

With clubs and advice groups, youth leaders are fighting the lure of street corner and pub

pay and silicosis. Today pottery is high on the list for export goods and it is essential that the industry gets back to full production. But how was it to live down the past—and get the young people it needed?

The first step was to improve the social services in towns and factories. The second step was to survey the damp, dark sheds where by some miracle the most beautiful pottery in the world had been produced.

Some of these factories were beyond improvement; others have been vastly improved. But the boldest step of all was taken by one of the biggest companies. They looked outside the grim towns and found a stretch of lovely countryside.

Here they built a new factory where their products could be painted in more inspiring surroundings. They attached an art school where the young sons and daughters of the craftsmen could develop their own ideas. They made a sports ground for weekend leisure. They introduced good welfare services.

The factory has a full complement of apprentices.

But bright factories, canteens and welfare services aren't really the whole story. The main thing these industries must establish is confidence.

How can this goodwill be established?

It must begin by a firm liaison between schools and local industry. Coventry and Birmingham are two cities that have really established a strong link between school and work.

The Schools Co-operate

A group of industrialists approached the schools in the area and invited teachers to bring parties of schoolchildren round their factories. Lectures and discussions followed.

When a schoolboy decided he wanted to take up a particular job in a factory, he was given what was called "a rehearsal for the job." He was told all about the work and given a trial period at it; if it was not suitable he was free to go elsewhere.

The Ministry's charter for young people in industry already finds much practical expression in the many youth advisory committees which have been set up. I was given the opportunity of observing one of these model committees at work. The members were a good cross-section of the community: a trade unionist, a Scout commissioner, a Ministry of Labour welfare officer, a headmaster and a priest.

They began their work on the principle that dead-end jobs make dead-end kids and they were more concerned in tracking down the source of the money that got into young people's hands than they were in delivering moral lectures.

It is a pretty hopeless task trying to get a boy of seventeen with £8 in his pocket into a youth club to play darts. Practical welfare workers helping on the committee knew that a good steady job at a decent wage was the strongest factor in reform.

Comb-out of Street Corners

The headmaster began by talking to young people a few months before they left school. The priest began by challenging young wasters on street corners and even in public houses.

When at last a number of boys and girls were persuaded to come up one Friday night and talk things over with the committee, the meetings were informal and frank. The trade unionist and the employers drew up a long and varied list of good jobs which were vacant.

A lively and forceful young woman welfare officer went round many of the smaller factories that had no welfare service. She met with some opposition, but she usually got the improvements she demanded.

But while quite a lot of public and industrial effort is thus going on to provide the youth of Britain with useful work and proper leisure, it is the parents who have the final responsibility. It may be tempting to them to send a young son into a job that will immediately show £5 a week on the family budget. The point they must consider is whether, after ten years, the boy will have gained the training and skill which will give him security.

It is in the nation's interest that the smaller young labour force that will be available in the next ten years is not squandered. We simply cannot afford the luxury of dead-end jobs.

In airy rooms in the heart of the country some of the world's finest pottery is made. For many progressive Midland firms, apprentice problems don't exist

Good trainer, good swimmer. David Crabbe—he's fixing Cathie Gibson's straps—has the answer

IN THE SWIM

WHEN THE KING OPENS the fourteenth Olympiad in Wembley next year, Britain will have her first postwar chance to carry off some of the international swimming laurels. Such a victory is overdue. We have not won an individual first place for men swimmers at the Olympic Games since 1908, when Great Britain won five out of seven events.

Britain once led the world in swimming, and taught the art to other countries. Now, despite the fact that swimming has increased enormously in popularity as a national sport, we lag well behind both in standard of performance and in the proportion of the population which is able to swim.

The Amateur Swimming Association, ever since 1868, has tried to popularize the sport in this country. It is one of our most vigorous sporting bodies, whose constitution and laws have served as a model for similar organizations throughout the world. The anomaly is that although the A.S.A. is the strongest *voluntary* organization of its kind in Europe, British swimming has suffered for want of official encouragement.

Finances are Makeshift

At the recent National Swimming and Diving Championships at Hastings, held to pre-select our teams for the European and Olympic Championships, the arena was filled with pretty girls rattling collecting boxes. There were also on display two bottles of whisky, one of gin and two of port.

These were the enticements for a sixpenny raffle, and this, with lucky programmes and daily appeals for donations, is the only way that money can be found to pay the expenses of British entrants for these international events. A fund for £6,000 was started so that the selected teams could be

The drive to train more swimmers is a short cut towards a fitter nation

—and one better placed to win back some of her long-lost championships

ONCE AGAIN

trained, coached and have their fares paid. Our best swimmers have to earn their own livings and take swimming as a pastime. They are schoolteachers, clerks, married men and women with children. The Swedish and French swimmers who were challenging the British for our home titles—and got a rough answer by being beaten in the finals—were astonished at this flag-day atmosphere. Their own Olympic teams, like those of most other countries, will be subsidized by the Government throughout their training period.

The Amateur Swimming Association and its associated bodies, the Scottish, Welsh and Irish A.S.A.s, govern British swimming through clubs which are affiliated to the associations and accept their laws. These clubs encourage teaching, promote water polo and the art of diving, frame uniform laws for contests and championships, and chivvy authorities into providing proper facilities.

The governing body of international swimming is the International Amateur Swimming Federation, to which Britain sends two delegates. A swimmer who wants to become a champion must aim at being county champion, district champion, and later, English champion—national championship contests are held in Britain every year under A.S.A. auspices and laws. The most important contests in the swimming world are the European Amateur Championships—at Monte Carlo this September—and the Olympic Games, each held once every four years.

We'll have to win some of the European championships before we can think happily about the Olympics. There might then be some chance of beating the American competitors, whose standard of swimming among the men is well above that of Europeans. Of thirty-three international men's records, twenty-six are held by Americans; Japan, Germany and France hold the remaining seven. Holland is producing a large quota of good swimmers, though her women are better than the men and have won many international championships. In fact, Holland and Denmark share between them all the women's world's records, except for Ann Curtis, who won the 880 yards free-style championship for U.S.A. at San Francisco last year.

Why is swimming the Cinderella of our sports? It has nothing like the following of football or cricket—not to mention horse-racing, which in terms of actual physical recreation benefits only a handful of the millions who follow it. In America and in Europe, swimming is right up the list of popular sports.

It is one of the healthiest and least expensive of all recreations. Water cannot be compressed, and therefore supports the body, enabling every muscle in the body to be exercised without strain.

Because of this, one is hardly ever too young or too old to learn. Charles Fries, Professor of English at Michigan University, is said to have taught his son Pete to swim at the age of seven weeks, and other pupils have learned when more than seventy years old. The hardy, the lame or blind can equally enjoy the pleasures of swimming.

Some Generous, Others Stingy

The real trouble is that tuition too seldom starts in school. For this to be done, there must be sufficient swimming pools for all pupils to get a chance to swim, and enough competent coaches to teach them. Education authorities and schoolteachers need to become water-conscious themselves.

Unfortunately, local authorities differ enormously in the degree of their enthusiasm, though they have powers under the Education Act to erect swimming baths if they wish. Hastings showed magnificent enterprise in erecting a fine open-air swimming bath (the biggest in Europe) at a cost of £500,000, and two covered-in baths; other towns, such as Wallasey and Blackpool, have provided good modern facilities. But some towns are very backward. One city refused a gift of £40,000 towards the cost of constructing a swimming pool because its maintenance would add a few pennies to the rates.

In England, swimming is not a compulsory subject on the school curriculum, except in a few isolated areas. At the moment several swimming associations are pressing the Board of Education to make it compulsory, but there is some opposition from the parents themselves. They still have the age-old fear that swimming affects the heart and that it makes their daughters fat.

There is no more strain attached to swimming than any other sport, and as for fattening schoolgirls, a look at Britain's new young champions shows them to be much slimmer and more compact in figure than the old-time heavyweights.

It is probable that Britain will adopt the Dutch school scheme, where swimming is compulsory unless a doctor's certificate says it is unsuitable.

I have stressed the negative side of the picture first because we've no business to deceive ourselves. However, there *are* new young swimmers coming on.

Up-and-coming Champions

The try-out at Hastings produced a crop of youngsters who, if they are given a reasonable chance of the kind of concentrated coaching and training which the foreign competitors will have, should be well up to the Olympic standard.

The most outstanding is Cathie Gibson, a sixteen-year-old typist. After she had already taken the 220 yards and 440 yards free style British championships, she ended a hard week of racing by beating the French champion, Monique Berlioux, in the 100 yards back-stroke final. With these three titles she then decided to challenge her club companion, Nancy Riach, for the 100 yards sprint. She lost it only by a tenth of a second.

Both of these two young champions come from Motherwell, Scotland. Their sudden appearance in postwar swimming is the result of an enthusiastic baths superintendent at Motherwell, David Crabbe. He set out to produce champions by hard and concentrated coaching. When Cathie Gibson began, as a schoolgirl, to show likely form, he trained her alongside Nancy Riach for four hours a day.

Her figure is not the usual one associated with champion women swimmers. Though her shoulders are broad, she is slim and small. The only danger to her present excellent form is if she burns herself out before the Olympics. There was some criticism that she entered too many championship events at Hastings. Concentrating on a couple of selected races might have produced record-breaking times. Cathie works in an office all day, and swimming four or even five hours after this is, she admits, a bit of a strain.

By producing two first-class girl swimmers, David Crabbe has shown what a small club can do at the local baths if they have the right coaching and boundless enthusiasm.

Our girl divers are all young—though a couple of them were loudly applauded by their children—and we have even produced a possible in fourteen-year-old Esme Harris, an Oxford schoolgirl. She failed in only one of her dives and this was because she had never attempted it until a few hours before she was competing for the women's springboard championship.

The "Butterfly" Man

There seems plenty of choice and plenty of good championship material among our young girl swimmers. It is in the men's events that we have to look hard for future champions. At present there is only one outstanding male swimmer. He is Roy Romain, a former Army officer, who swims for King's College, London. He has mastered the "butterfly" stroke, a powerful and fast style that was recognized for the first time in this country at the Hastings championships.

Some of the male swimmers complain of poor rations, though the women are easy about them. They need large quantities of sugar and glucose and the Australian Swimming Association is sending more than a thousand parcels of good, nourishing food for the Olympic team when it is in training. They say they also need light, silk racing costumes that cling to the figure and do not balloon out and slow them up. But these are incidentals.

The most important factor is that most of our swimmers—girls included—will have to put in a full week's work during their training. They will have to pack into weekend or evening trials all the racing time which other Olympic teams will get spread over a period of months. The £6,000 fund will do little more than provide first-class coaches. Even so, this fund is still £2,000 short, and a few more raffles and exhibitions will have to be held to give our swimmers even this facility for training.

There is nothing mysterious in the inferiority of British swimmers by international standards. It is simply the fact that we don't get as much chance to practise. We need more swimming pools, more official encouragement of swimming as a sport, and a better standard of training for schoolteachers who teach others to swim.

The directors of the Metropolitan Insurance Company of America found that by spending millions of dollars on free health propaganda they saved millions more through a diminution in applications for sickness benefit.

Money spent in popularizing swimming in this country would be repaid by a better standard of health.

DEREK DUNNE

Private View of PATRICIA ROC

STAR WITHOUT A WORRY

AT THE PEAK OF THE FREEZE-UP last winter, when numbers of Britain's teen-age film fans couldn't get to the pictures, they sat down and wrote to Patricia Roc.

One writer apologized for the scrawl but she was writing the letter in bed and urgently in need of Pat's photo. Another confessed she liked Pat (after Betty Hutton) and that afterwards she was also going to write to Nelson Eddy. Another begged for an audition and a part in Pat's next picture. Yet another added that she was in a convent school and hoped that God would bless Patricia.

Exactly 10,000 letters were received in that miserable week ended March 15, boosting Pat's weekly average by 7,000. The fan mail department of the J. Arthur Rank Organization—thirty girls sorting letters and dispatching photos under the direction of Miss Evadne Agg, at 21 Soho Square—worked overtime.

As fan letter statistics serve generally as the barometer of movie success, the gratifying weight of Pat Roc's mail bag showed that she is doing all right during cold spells, anyway.

Born in Hampstead into a comfortably placed middle-class family, Patricia Roc was educated expensively at Broadstairs and "finished" in France. She entered R.A.D.A., and after nine months' training, was offered a film test at the Joinville Studios in France. She was turned down. Jean Gabin himself decided it was not the right part for her.

Back in England, she found a part in *Nuts and May* at the Ambassadors Theatre. The play ran only a month, but Korda had spotted Pat and she was cast for *Rebel Son*. She has been busy making movies ever since. To date there have been seventeen.

But Pat burns with no great ambition. She hasn't got big ideas of herself as an actress. She may never arrive at the very top. But she's doing pretty well on her looks and her natural ability, and she will go on making pictures and money until she's fifty—unless she decides she'd rather raise a family.

This is a possibility. Pat's background and nature have conditioned her to proceed through life easily and comfortably, living only for the present, with no serious problems to ruffle the smooth perfection of her forehead, with no hardships, hardly a setback on her way up that could have left even the tiniest terror in the honeycomb of her memory.

Blessed with a sunny disposition, reassured with a modicum of artistic talent (she sketches—there's a pencil sketch of David Macdonald, the movie director, framed on the desk of Sam Goldwyn, Jr., at Shepherd's Bush with a sprig of pressed forget-me-not over Pat's signature), unflurried and as fresh as a rose petal on a dewy morning, Pat moves one to feel that here, extra special, is the sort of English girl a bachelor would like to marry or a married man wish he had.

Pat's 125 pounds are distributed to conform with twentieth century pin-up standards. She is medically fit and her teeth are sound. She can ride a bicycle or a horse. She can swim and play lacrosse. She is thus hardworking, tough and seemingly impervious to cold. Filming *The Brothers* on location at Skye, she really did run barefooted down the rocky burns, and swim naked in the icy sea.

Never so critical as to undermine the well-being of the men she works for and associates with, Pat works ceaselessly and obediently.

And in the matter of what she wears and does to her face, Pat is always moderate. Her clothes are nice, not extravagant; her make-up is restrained; her fingernails are polished, not varnished.

She bathes every twenty-four hours and washes her hair on Sundays, giving it at least two hundred brush strokes every night before going to bed. She says it is never curled or taken to a hairdresser.

She often cooks her own evening meal, sometimes after a long day at the studios. To assist with the housework and shopping she has a maid, confidante and fan, Pauline, who does a lot to make the cooking of that meal rapid and slick. A black and white cocker, wagging its tail to the name Breezy, is another member of the household; he is supported by two love birds.

Pat has a short temper and broods a little, but after a quarrel the first overtures of peace usually come from her. She hates unpleasantness, an "atmosphere," anything that ruffles the even tenor of her weekdays in London and her occasional weekends at Bray with her pretty sisters.

She is inclined to be secretive and to take her own counsel, she gets bored easily and has a terrible memory, but she is a good sport, has no phoney notions about her dignity. She takes a lot of teasing and everybody calls her Pat.

DISINTERESTED in things of the spirit, her subconscious is nicely cushioned by a pleasant, easy-going materialism. She loves dancing. Shooting stills in Bucks recently she broke for lunch at a hotel in Beaconsfield. Somebody found a radiogram in the lounge, and Pat waltzed with so much enthusiasm that her shoe flew off and half the location unit dived after it, into the jungle of tables and chairs. More conventionally, she often dances at Churchill's, the London night spot.

Her flat is near the B.B.C. Decorated in green and burgundy, it is very feminine and laughing with flowers; there are seascapes, and some paintings by Epstein and, throughout, a kind of redolence of its owner.

Those bewildered by such a bouquet of feminine matrimonial qualifications comprising one sunny, smiling film star of twenty-nine may be interested to know about the sort of man she admires.

Well, Pat confessed, he doesn't need to be tall and glamorous or have a voice like Boyer, but she insisted he should be somebody with a sense of fun and somebody she can mother.

Are you Patricia Roc's type of man?

DENNIS HOLMAN.

Talking Points About DIPLOMACY

"THE MANAGEMENT of international relations by negotiation" is how the Oxford Dictionary defines diplomacy. But diplomacy has also been called the interval of cheating between two periods of fighting.

★ ★ ★

Foreign Office pay has recently been increased. The Permanent Under-Secretary gets £3,500 a year; his deputy £2,500; ambassadors £2,000.

★ ★ ★

The Foreign Office controls 5,000 staff. Promotion may be given by the Minister without regard to seniority, and all employees except porters and messengers may rise to any rank.

★ ★ ★

Diplomats are not allowed to have commercial affiliations, or to stand for Parliament. They can be sacked for incompetence or negligence (for example, leaving important papers lying around). Men must resign if they marry unapproved foreigners . . . women must resign if they marry.

★ ★ ★

Diplomatic immunity dates from 1708 when Andrew Artemonowitz, envoy to Peter the Great of Russia, was beaten up by thugs hired by London tradesmen who thought (wrongly) that he planned to bilk them. Peter threatened war, apologies were abject and legal immunity was given to all envoys.

★ ★ ★

Diplomatic immunity has often been abused. During prohibition some embassy staffs at Washington imported liquor and sold it. Gouzenko, Russian embassy clerk in Ottawa, who exposed the Soviet spy ring, alleged that espionage documents were imported in the diplomatic bag.

★ ★ ★

Just before D-Day Britain banned use of the diplomatic bag or diplomatic codes to prevent leakage of information.

★ ★ ★

The T.U.C. has often called for a cut in the right-wing elements of the Foreign Office. The old-time Foreign Office was called by a Liberal politician "out-relief for our impoverished aristocracy." Mr. Bevin is planning changes.

★ ★ ★

Candidates for the service are tested on Army officer selection lines. Bevin's reforms eliminate men with only "paper cleverness." Twenty-four men are tested at a time in three groups of eight. Each is watched by a psychologist.

★ ★ ★

Quotations: "An ambassador's duty was once to persuade princes. It is now to understand people."—Jusserand (1855-1932), French ambassador to U.S. "War is continuation of diplomacy by other means"—Clausewitz (1780-1831), the German military strategist.

★ ★ ★

Human story: In 1941, Betty Gibbs went to Canada to demonstrate a canteen unit; became receptionist at our Washington embassy, and in 1943—dark, vivacious and still under thirty-five—was appointed Foreign Office attache with full diplomatic status.

★ ★ ★

Escape story: An embassy is actual territory of the ambassador's country. Ft.-Lt. Hornsey, R.A.F., was shot down over Hasselt, escaped to Spain, and made for Gibraltar, Gestapo on his heels. He flagged a car desperately, found it belonged to the British ambassador, Lord Templewood. He was saved.

A SPLIT SECOND

by GEORGE GOODWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Nigel was so smooth a crook he could commit the perfect murder and win the hand of a rich and beautiful widow in one move . . . but even Nigel couldn't think of everything

THE TALL FIGURE emerged into the blinding sunlight from the smoking-room and stood a moment irresolutely on the promenade deck. It was lunchtime, and already the misty blue line that was the last of the Golden Coast was faint as smoke drift on the rim of the world.

The Pied Piper lure of the steward's gong had brought the last laggard lounger out of the last deck chair so that the white expanse of deck was now empty.

From where he stood Nigel Fortescue could hear the lilt of the ship's orchestra, and he permitted a secret smile to lift the hard corners of his mouth.

It was inevitable that Mrs. Garimond should expect him to sit beside her. Had she not fallen for him heavily at Monte that day out on the Casino terrace?

He flicked a thin silver cigarette case from his pocket and set platinum lighter to cigarette. Yes, there was no doubt about it, Helen Garimond had been the luckiest thing that had ever happened to him.

For usually women with money were without charm, no longer young or desirable for themselves. But Helen Garimond possessed in her trim person every possible advantage—youth, charm, warm beauty, freedom, wealth.

And all these delightful things she had as good as consented to share with him.

Glancing swiftly fore and aft, Nigel Fortescue — to that cosmopolitan, the barman variously Maurice Blain, Nick Trefusis or Smooth Dick—began a casual stroll.

There was do doubt about it; he had that great white expanse of promenade deck all to himself.

Setting a white-shoed foot on a lashed emergency raft, he stooped and with surprising swiftness loosened the lashings. He then drew himself upright once more. No, he assured himself, nobody had noticed.

Indeed, to casual observation, the great ship nosed her way through the glassy water like a living, self-directed organism. Only on the towering bridge was there any sign of life. There a Norse helmsman, hard finger to wheel spokes, gazed with an empty face towards the haze of the horizon.

The officer of the watch appeared less at his ease, a perturbation betrayed by his frequent observations of the barometer.

You might say that it was uncanny, a sea like that, smooth as quicksilver, and with no wind whatever, save such as came of the great ship's thrust.

For such a day, he pondered, visibility should be a sheer hundred per cent. But it was not. And, a trifle to the port bow, it seemed to him that a smudge, no bigger than a man's hand, lifted itself over the horizon.

Nigel Fortescue flipped his half-smoked cigarette into the air and marked the parabola of its flight. He smiled to himself. Even so—more or less—he considered, would he, too, very shortly go overboard.

A moment later his hard hands were at the pins that secured that section of the rail which came free at ports for purposes of disembarkation. He tested it and felt it move beneath his hand. A shove, and over into the water it would go. And so, too, would go the first unwary one who leaned against it.

Every ship that ferries fashion and the holidaymaker between great ports carries her quota of dubious passengers. For where the honey is there are the bees also. Or, less romantically, where are the well to do, there also are those parasites who prey upon them.

Nigel Fortescue had been telling himself for days that it was sheerest bad luck that he should have come upon Monty Hardwick as a fellow passenger. It was inevitable that Monty would not be content with poker but must needs present himself as a menace to a confrere playing a more subtle game.

Well, he told himself, Monty had brought it on himself. He would split, would he? He would spoil the best game ever? Well, they would see.

NIGEL FORTESCUE now stood, a figure of negligent grace, beside the ship's rail. In a moment or two Monty would emerge, fat, flushed and alcoholic, from the bar.

It would all be so easy. In that state, too, he would listen without that acute critical sense that characterized him with a green table before him.

Yes, Monty, since he had been doing none too well, would listen to reason . . . and as he listened he—well—he would fall overboard. Too bad.

This idea had come to Fortescue in a split second of inspiration. The wise guys said there was no perfect murder. Just how wrong they were they would never know.

Once more, swiftly, he reviewed his plan. Who, he asked himself, could possibly accuse a man of murder after he had risked his life by leaping into the sea after a man gone overboard?

And thinking thus, his mind conjured up a picture of Helen Garimond. There would be no hesitancy on her part after that. He would be her hero, the hero of the whole ship's company, too.

When, finally, Monty Hardwick emerged from the smoking room he was a trifle surprised to find Fortescue on deck, and more surprised when he saw that he was being signalled by his old enemy. He advanced with his ambling gait along the empty deck.

"No need, after all, to cross each other, Monty," Fortescue began, smiling disarmingly. "Come here, I want a word with you."

Monty Hardwick blinked his small eyes and advanced. "Wal," he jerked out, "make it snappy."

"I will."

The words came from between clenched teeth. It was surprising what force it took to shift that mass of flesh. The figure vanished from view without a sound.

Fortescue permitted himself one swift glance. He saw the whirling body strike the water.

AT this juncture, according to his plan, he should raise his voice and shout: "Man overboard!"

But he did not. No. He thought: Before I shout I will heave the raft out. That's the most important thing—to know my own skin's safe.

He stooped and gripped the rope handle, yanked at it. The heavy wooden case shifted on one end, but at one end only. He cursed, and put into his lift all the hard muscle of his lithe, athletic body.

He realized at once what had gone wrong—he had missed the last lashing, blinded by the sun. The cursed thing would not come free.

The two alternatives before him in his dilemma posed themselves in his mind for consideration.

He might shout the alarm and dive, in which case he would be taking a gamble with his own life. The sea was glass-smooth, it was true, but great ships move fast. It would involve half an hour in the water. There was the chance of cramp.

He contemplated the other horn of his dilemma. Suppose he merely gave the alarm, waited for the lowering of a ship's boat; became a mere spectator?

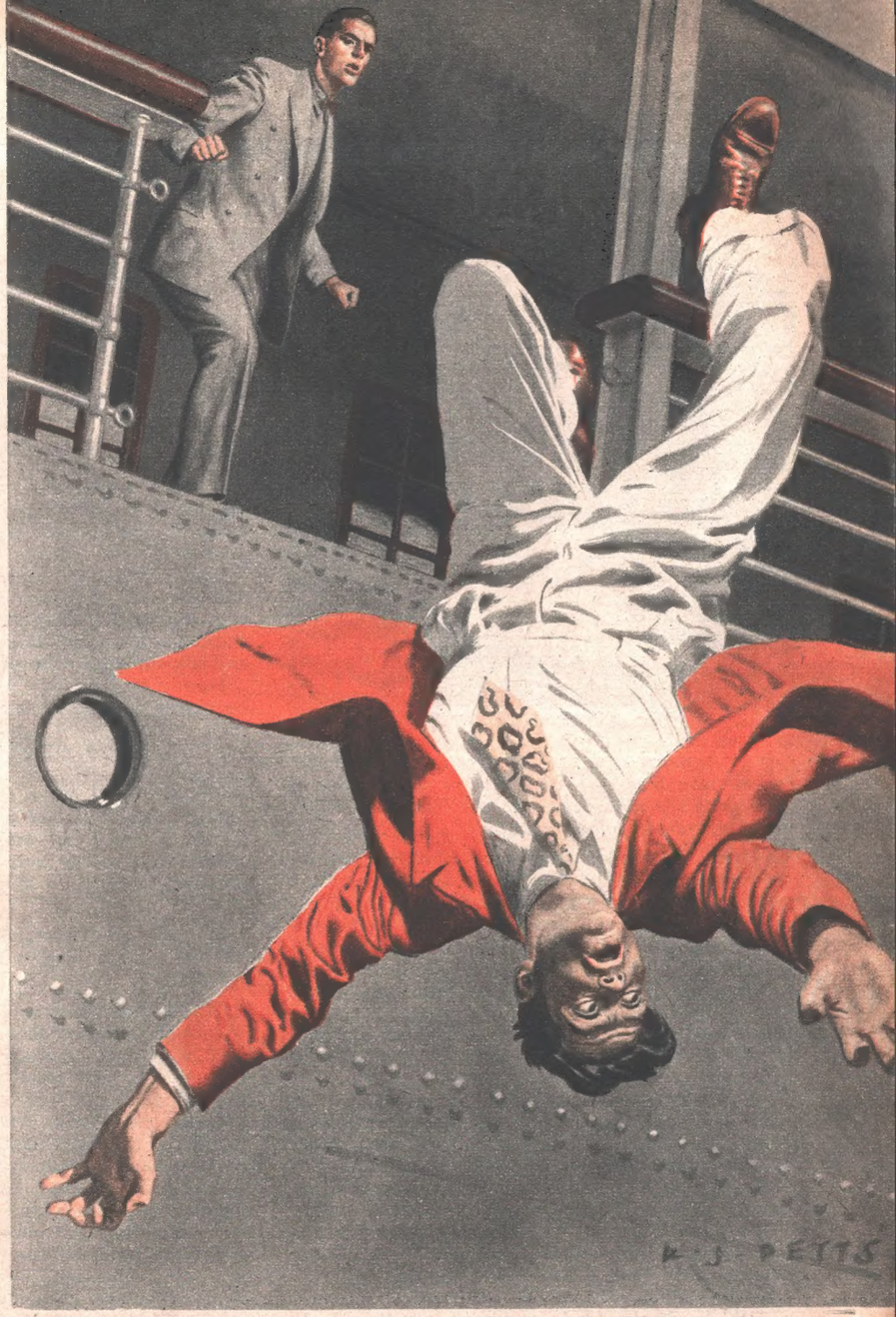
The stark consequences of such a policy were plain. Inevitably, there would be an inquiry. Who loosened the raft? Who removed the pins? Who could have performed these acts of clear premeditation?

Yes. He would have no chance. He might be accused of murder, tried, convicted . . . and a British ship meant British justice.

With that last, horrid thought in his mind, Fortescue came to the end of that split second into which so much ratiocination may be packed. Raising his voice he shouted: "Man overboard!"

And then he dived.

The officer of the watch did not wait



A swift glance—and Fortescue saw the whirling body

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

BRITAIN'S POVERTY COMPLEX • DOMESTIC JOKES • WHISKY GLUT

Priestley always has something interesting to say on the topics raised by John Bull readers

Q. "As our luxuries are cut down and our clothes become shabbier, we seem to be in danger of developing the mentality of a 'poor' nation. What would you do to counteract this?"

WHILE we should make every effort to improve our economic position, I feel it is about time we stopped nagging each other and worrying about our luxuries being cut down and our clothes becoming more shabby. (I have yet to meet an intelligent foreign visitor who thought we looked shabby in ourselves, though some complain, reasonably enough, of the dingy look of our cities.)

Too much attention is given to these matters, and not enough to other things, at least equally important.

For instance, we have what seems to me the most *equitable* food system in the world, with nobody starving to death and nobody over-eating. We are trying the truly magnificent experiment of putting through a social and economic revolution without violence, sudden arrests and secret police.

Given half a chance, we could now develop a fine new cultural life, for this country is far more mentally alert than it was before the war.

No doubt it is very jolly to wear new clothes and eat thick steaks and puddings smothered in cream, and dash about in vast, glittering new cars, but plenty of people in other parts of the world do all this without appearing to be particularly happy and contented. And after all—though I like little luxuries as much as the next man—we are something more than backs and stomachs.

We are intellectual and spiritual beings, and it might not be a bad idea, while we go short of these various luxuries, if we tried to behave like intellectual and spiritual beings.

I know that many people are leading drab lives, and that the shortages can be no joke, but I, for one, am getting very tired of this constant over-emphasis on the material scale of living, the steak-and-silk-stocking view of life.

During the last two years I have visited several countries where, for those who could afford it, there were far more luxuries than we ever see now, but I never found myself wanting to stay on in these countries.

Finally, I am not sure what the mentality of a "poor" nation is. It suggests a desire to live on tips from foreign visitors. And I am not sure that we are not *less* like that than we used to be before the war. I certainly hope we are.

Q. "Do you think jokes about domestic bickering are funny, and can you account for their popularity?"

YES, to both questions. If I did not think jokes about domestic bickering funny, I would not have written *Ever Since Paradise*, which contains a good deal—in fact, almost every variety—of domestic bickering.

These jokes have been popular from time immemorial, and will continue to be popular while men are men and women are women.

The reason is that, first, they are part of our common experience and so are easily recognized; and, secondly, that most of this bickering seems to us very serious at the time and then afterwards, on cooler reflection, strikes us as being absurd. (We particularly recognize the absurdity when we are turned into spectators of other people's domestic quarrels.)

While it is true that profound psychological differences between the sexes may lie at the root of this bickering, and we would do well to learn something of these differences, it is at once a healthy and a heartening thing to laugh at minor quarrels, and to realize that we must not take them too seriously.

Many husbands and wives, enjoying a good laugh together at other people's absurd bickerings, must have reached a better understanding afterwards, and so have been helped in their own lives.

Q. "There is said to be so much Scotch whisky in America that the shops are overstocked with it. What is your opinion of this, in view of the great scarcity here?"

ONE might paraphrase *Omar* and cry: "I often wonder what the Yankees sell, one half so precious as the goods they buy."

If it is true that America is now overstocked with Scotch whisky, then somebody has blundered badly.

For this means not only that we are going short of a type of liquor originally distilled to help us in this climate (nobody needs Scotch whisky in Los Angeles or New Orleans), but that by creating this glut in America we are probably endangering our own market there.

And I cannot help feeling that there is something idiotic about all this wholesale exporting. Tweeds and whisky, intended to warm the cold Scots, are shipped off to California. French brandy and wines are coming by the shipload to Britain. Much stuff, including films, originally created for an American public and American taste, is dumped on us. And so it goes on.

This is economics gone mad, with everybody sending to somebody else goods better kept at home.

And for my part I could endure this lunacy rather more easily if I had an extra dose or two of whisky.

***** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests, or appeals, please.**

Continued from previous page

to look. Somewhere in the great ship's heart a brazen bell clanged. She shuddered from stem to stern; her white decks, a moment since empty, became alive with running figures.

Nigel Fortescue came to the surface gasping. The sea, that looked almost like a molten mass in the sun, was ice cold. It struck through his thin suit and pierced his bones.

Squeezing the water from his eyes he gazed after the ship. How far away she seemed already! Far, far away, and swiftly diminishing.

For a ghastly moment he thought his cry had not been heard, and he cursed himself for a fool. But, no, he could just discern blue figures; could just make out the moving davit arm and the sweeps that caught the light of the sun as the boat's crew scrambled to their places. Now, all would be well!

Great thing was to conserve strength . . . don't swim, old man, tread water . . . suppose there are sharks? Don't be damn silly, don't start frightening yourself.

That boat was away. His heart leapt. Soon, very soon, his ordeal would be over.

Then, as swiftly, his heart sank.

The fools, the idiots, they were heading several points away from him! They had not sighted him, then? They were searching without any definite objective?

Very well, he must signal. In so smooth a sea they could scarcely fail to see his signal. He struggled out of his silk shirt, grasped the clinging garment and raised his arm; but, water-soaked, his shirt merely struck him insanely across the face.

The boat, as he now saw, had changed her course. In five minutes she would be within hailing distance. And once more hope was reborn in his heart.

Racing ahead of the imminent event, he saw himself pulled aboard, saw himself going up the ship's side, heard the cheers of the thrilled ship's company, saw himself responding to a toast across the dinner table. He even felt the warm pressure of a small, feminine hand.

He blinked the salt from his eyes and gazed towards the ship. Now, where a moment before she had idled on the sea, a white curtain hung between heaven and earth. The great ship had vanished.

As he strained his eyes in her direction, horror at his heart, there came across the silent sea the eerie hoot of a ship's siren. Then he saw the fog bank belly forward over the face of the waters. It rolled forward slowly, an ochrous bank that blotted out the sun and changed the blue of the sea to a cold and hostile grey.

Then the fog engulfed the swimmer.

Faintly, he could hear the clip-clop of sweeps in rowlocks and the voices of calling men.

He raised his voice in an answering shout, but the fog seemed to eat the sound of his voice.

And now those voices that came out of the fog seemed to come less clearly. They were rowing away from him, the fools. They were leaving him to drown like a rat.

Despair descended upon him and touched his heart with icy hand. He began to sob.

A pain like a knife-cut shot through his leg, and he cried aloud in the awful agony of cramp.

Maybe that pain was too severe to leave the victim of it with a mind to ponder, in that brief moment of death, a misspent past.

However that may be, there were no dark thoughts of repentance in his heart.

No, none—not even when the despairing clutch of a steely hand brought him face to face with a fast-drowning Monty Hardwick.

In that split second, before the final eclipse, he had time only to register surprise.

Monty? Monty? He had entirely forgotten him.

Heart of the whole "tipping industry" is the cocktail bar, Beckles declares

TO TIP OR NOT TO TIP

by GORDON BECKLES

Following the Holiday Trail for John Bull, Beckles goes to a seaside hotel and finds out exactly what happens at the receiving end of a tipping system that baffles many

I HAVE JUST GIVEN THE MAN outside a hotel sixpence for nearly opening the door of a taxi.

And I still don't quite know why. Wasn't he paid to do this? Should it have been a shilling? Was I being snobbish? Was he insulted? Did he expect it?

Tipping remains an enigmatic blot on the Government's plan for making Britain's holidays more carefree.

I thought I should find out a bit more about the whole business of tipping. About the whole mystery of hotels, big and small. So I began with the manager of a seaside hotel, a big hotel, who started his career by washing dishes in the kitchens many years ago, and often wishes he could get back to the same job now—although he didn't get tips for that, and he can't get them now.

I asked him to take me behind the scenes, to show me how a hotel was run.

We went into the kitchen. And the first actor I saw behind the scenes—he was playing a costume part, with evening dress and tails at 10 a.m.—rushed in and bawled: "Jack-the-Rippers-twice."

A few seconds later another actor came up to the service counter and said: "Airships-in-the-cloud-trio." A more sedate man in evening dress quietly demanded: "Rosey Lee and ragus."

"They're only asking," said the manager, "for two kippers, three sausages-and-mash, and tea with sugar—waiter's rhyming and back slang, you know, with 'ragus' instead of 'sugar.'"

We wandered around for half an hour in the parts of the building occupied by the men and women who *don't* ask to be tipped: electricians, upholsterers, scullerymen, boilermen, french-polishers, platemen, carvers, storekeepers, linenkeepers, food liftmen, and a variety of assistant cooks.

"Of course," said the manager, "there are lots more of them. But I should say about half of a hotel staff is not seen by guests, and consequently is not paid by tips."

Hotels differ, looked at from the tipping angle.

There is, for instance, the hotel which pays salaries and where the staff expect tips for individual service; then there is the hotel where the staff have formed their own pool or "tronc" and divide it among themselves—e.g. sixty per cent restaurant staff, twenty per cent hall and twenty per cent upstairs staff; and the hotel (this was one) which is trying to develop a new system, based on the ten per cent charge.

How the Share-out Works

This is the way the new system works. The management agrees that five shillings is the guaranteed unit of payment, and there is a scale ranging from thirty units weekly for the restaurant manager down to two units for the page boy, which means that the manager would get from the fund fed by the guests' ten per cent a minimum of £7 10s. 0d. and the page ten shillings.

But at the height of this August the percentage rose and the unit stood at about ten shillings, so that the restaurant head got £15 and the page, at the bottom of the scale, got £1. In between there were, with these units allotted to them: head porters, twenty; head waiters, twenty; second waiters, sixteen; wine waiter, fourteen; waiters, twelve; porters, twelve; chambermaid, eight.

Now, not so far down the front of this resort is another hotel, which caters for a "family" trade. I explained the system at the big hotel to the manager. He scoffed. "That's all very well," he said, "up to a point. We do things *quite* differently here. We pay our staff what we call adequate wages, and leave the tips to their own enterprise."

"What sort of salaries?" I asked.

"Our head waiter gets £10 a week, an ordinary waiter £3 10s. 0d., a hall porter £7, and a chambermaid £2, with two meals, and in many cases living-in accommodation."

"And what tips do they expect?"

He confirmed the views of the Secretary of the Hotels and Restaurants' Association.

"A waiter expects about a tenth of the ordinary meal bills," says the secretary. "A chambermaid generally gets anything from two shillings to £1 for a weekend visit; the cloakroom attendant counts on sixpence, but knows that threepence may be his portion; the porter who calls you a taxi expects sixpence, but hopes for a shilling."

Back in the big hotel, I went into the cocktail bar, which is the heart of the tipping industry.

One of the cardinal rules of tipping is that if you are served with a drink at a reasonable price at an ordinary bar by a woman, you pay the reasonable price and nothing more. If you are served with a drink—especially one which has a funny or foreign name—at a most unreasonable price, and by a man in a white jacket, you add sixpence or a shilling to the price. This is the convention of the cocktail bar, one of the oddest and snobbiest of all latter twentieth-century innovations.

Then there was the case of the cloakroom attendant to whom I chatted. He pays £1 a week for the right to seize your hat, umbrella or overcoat while you are otherwise engaged. He expects his sixpence or a shilling at least if he declines to insult you with a ticket. . . . "Quite all right for you, sir, without a ticket."

(This trick has declined since an occasion when the principal attendant at a hotel had a stroke in the middle of dinner. When the guests came out they found their belongings with scraps of paper tucked in them—and such identifying phrases as: "red-nosed bloke," "drunk with carnation," "old fat cheeks.")

Managers £300 to £2,000

While some managers may make the equivalent of about £2,000 a year, the salaries of others run down to as little as £300, and while a head chef may make £1,500, more often it is £8 to £10 a week.

And yet behind all this oddly unbalanced mode of earning money—unbalanced, that is to say, by contemporary standards—is a great industry, employing scores of millions of capital, and uncounted thousands of workers, and one which it is hoped will develop and improve, to the benefit of the holidaymaker and the Exchequer's quest for foreign currency.

There was one more thing I wanted to find out about the tipping business. I went, quite casually, to the hall porter and said: "Tell me, who are the best tippers these days?"

He looked around furtively, and then replied: "People north of the Border, and then people north of the Midlands. Not so much Yorkshire as Lancashire and Newcastle way, after Scotland."

"Who are the worst?" I asked.

He whispered behind the back of his hand.

"Not in Cardiff, they're not," I said.

I went back to the smaller hotel. I asked the same questions; I got the same answers—that the Scots are the best tippers and the Welsh are the worst, with the Londoner not so very good.

It is estimated that £40,000,000 is the annual income of the hotels of this country; imagine, at a conservative (or Scots) estimate £4,000,000 sterling being dispensed in tips!

I thought of that when I again gave the porter outside my hotel sixpence for nearly opening the taxi door.

Captains of the "STALIN COLUMN"

by WILLI FRISCHAUER

Russia's outpost legions, the Communist parties, are busy throughout Europe, building Bastions of the Mind as a first defence against atom war. Who are the commanders? How do they get on with G.H.Q.?

IT WAS A SUNDAY MORNING. Our footsteps echoed along the wide corridors of the deserted headquarters of the Italian Communist Party in Rome. Outside, crowds were streaming towards St. Peter's. Inside, Italy's Communist chief, Palmiro Togliatti, an agile, lonely little figure, was working at his paper-covered desk at the end of a long conference table.

Sunday and St. Peter's meant little to him. Lesser fry in his party attacked the Pope and the Church with vigour and venom. But Togliatti knows his Italians; he recognizes the power of the Church over their minds. One short memorandum to Moscow was sufficient to convince the Kremlin that an accommodation between Italian Communists and the Church was the wisest policy.

Togliatti is an ardent Communist; but he is no stooge. And where a man of his intellectual calibre determines local Communist policy—he is not asking the Moscow leaders, he is telling them.

Today, when it seems that the division between Russia and the rest of the world may persist longer than we hoped, it is useful to know something about the leading Communists of Europe, their relationship with the Kremlin, and the quite individual policy technique which each employs.

In his own Communist sphere, Togliatti, Moscow-trained, unyielding, is as much a dictator as Stalin is in Russia. Clenching his fist, he brands as heresy any open hint of disapproval of his own decisions. But so vastly different are conditions in his native Italy from those familiar to the Moscow leaders that he reserves these decisions to himself.

"He has promised to break the power of the Church, to advance Communism in Italy," one of his former associates told me, "but he retains the right to do it in his own way. And Moscow has implicit faith in him. More suggestions go from him to the Kremlin than vice versa."

His Not to Reason Why

It is entirely different with his opposite number in Germany. Seventy-year-old Wilhelm Pieck is a bumptious, pompous man, whose job in Berlin is to receive and carry out instructions with unquestioning obedience. Pieck, who was a Communist member of the pre-Hitler German Reichstag, escaped to Russia in 1933 and returned to Berlin on the heels and under the protection of the Soviet Army. A big portrait of Stalin behind him, Wilhelm Pieck rarely receives a visitor unless his "shadow" is also present. The "shadow," a tall, silent adjutant, protects Pieck and watches him at the same time.

Pieck can be jovial enough; but he clearly weighs every word. He is conscious that party politics in Germany—and the ideology he represents—take second place to the duties which Russia has imposed on him. Germany, to the Russians, is still a battle-ground where East and West meet in sharp conflict. To make that base safe for the Red Army is Pieck's chief task.

He is a great tub-thumper and glories in mass meetings. I have listened to many of his speeches. But all Pieck does is to repeat Molotov's arguments or the leading articles of *Pravda*. Not an original word; far less an original thought. When, sometimes, in an outburst of enthusiasm—and he is an orator—he lets himself go, he quickly brings himself back to the dutiful recital of his lesson.

Pieck—and here again his position is very different from Togliatti's—has no power over his subordinates in the German Communist Party. Russian orders are received at every level—directly. There is a Russian by the side of every German Communist. That is why Pieck and his men must be intransigent, why they are not allowed to meet their political opponents even half way.

But the German Communists are useful where "information" is needed from across the demarcation line, or where German opponents can be bought over, intimidated or persuaded to become camp followers. Throughout, Pieck receives his orders and faithfully carries them out.

King, Millionaires

Togliatti, then, is hand in hand with the hated Church of Rome; Pieck is in enforced Bolshevik isolation. Farther east there is a stranger sight—a Communist-dominated country with a king, and with Moscow in close alliance with that country's capitalists. This quaint set-up is in Rumania, where young King Michael rules by the grace of Stalin. Russian troops are still in Rumania to keep an eye on communications, on the oilfields of Ploesti and the vast steel works controlled by Rumanian millionaires. Have these millionaires been expropriated? On the contrary. They found themselves at one with Moscow in the determination to make Rumania strong again.

And they are useful for that purpose, which serves Russian ends as much as their own. Some of them even had Russian support when they went to America to obtain loans of a kind that Molotov now describes as dollar interference in the affairs of independent countries. They did not get the loans because they could not prove that Rumania is "independent" of the Red Army and Moscow politics.

The system works differently, again, close by in Bulgaria. Here the world's top-ranking non-Russian Communist has been installed as unquestioned ruler. He is Georgi Dimitrov. Dimitrov's courage at the Reichstag Fire Trial in 1933 won him admiration all over the world. He seemed a lost man when Goering threatened to "get him outside the court." But he was given Soviet citizenship. There has since been a suggestion that Moscow bought his freedom by returning a Nazi agent caught in Russia. Dimitrov, who later rose to become Secretary of the Comintern, is a specialist in the more old fashioned but still operating technique of Communist conspiracy.

Like Josip Broz (Marshal Tito), Dimitrov had worked "underground" in many countries and for many years. Secret organizer of Communist groups, instructor in the art of large-scale sabotage, tough and stocky, Dimitrov has a lot of personal charm. From Russian nationality he has reverted to Bulgarian citizenship—and made Stalin an honorary citizen of Bulgaria, too. No other foreign Communist can boast of such close relations with the Kremlin. With Dimitrov it is neither a question of orders given nor suggestions made—it is simply two heads and one thought. And from Sofia Dimitrov still throws his net over his old playground, the Balkans, Austria, Germany; he is watchdog over many Communist—and Soviet—dignitaries, however important they may seem in the countries where they work.

If Dimitrov is the "great conspirator," a modern romantic figure, Tito is the silent organizer. Once he ran the "underground" railway along which Spain's Republicans were supplied with men and

Hatless Maurice Thorez marches to a Paris Com
is one of Stalin's most powerful European "ca

material in their battle against Franco. Today Tito's organizing genius is devoted to developing Jugoslavia towards Communism. Ideology takes second place to practical achievement. If there is hunger in Jugoslavia, why should not U.N.R.R.A. supply American food? Tito, perhaps more than any of his Communist contemporaries, represents the technique of opportunism.

Foreign journalists are welcomed in Jugoslavia; the Marshal is ready to receive them at any time. He values a "good Press." Like Dimitrov, he is pleasant to meet, well read, intensely human, with a wide range of interests.

He did not need advice from Moscow when the Trieste problem posed a dilemma for Italian and Jugoslav Communists. Tito and Togliatti got together and in two days produced a compromise, a plan. Here were two of the "boys" who knew their wider tasks by heart. There was only one order from Moscow: "There must be no conflict between Italy and Jugoslavia!" There was no conflict over Trieste.

Tito is now working to avoid another threatened embarrassment. Poised as the defender of Communism far in the West, he is determined to push Jugoslavia's frontiers deeper into Austria. But Austria's Communists know that this will antagonize many sympathisers in Vienna.

And there another disciple of Moscow pulls the strings behind the scenes. Tall, lean and sarcastic, Ernst Fischer leads the Austrian Communists—right at the spot where the Iron Curtain cuts the stage. He is the man who addressed Hitler in many wartime broadcasts from Moscow, heaping ridicule on the Fuehrer's head. His was one of the biggest anti-Nazi propaganda successes of the war.

Fischer is credited with a rare sort of courage. He is said to be one of the few who report to Moscow what *is* instead of what Moscow would like to hear. It was Fischer who grasped the tremendous loss of goodwill for Russia which followed the excesses of the Red troops in Vienna. He said so, and the local Russian commanders tried to curb their men.

Fischer's line is patience. Austria is too weak—and his own position too weak—for him to formulate policy.

He has a fanatic's faith in the ultimate victory of Communism, which gives him an air of confidence exasperating to friends and foes alike. He is a young man, and his smile seems to convey his thought: "I'll still be here when you are all gone!"

The exact opposite of Fischer's type among Europe's leading Communists is Nico Zachariades, leader of the Greek Communist Party. There is no subtlety about him. He expresses himself violently. He seems to be "reaching for his gun" at any moment. He would rather fight in battle than waste words (he has, indeed, now joined the rebels in the Greek mountains).

Independent, Say Czechs

Yet another theme in the elastic Communist pattern is seen in Czechoslovakia where Klement Gottwald, former Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party, is Prime Minister. Czechoslovakia, with a firmer voice than any heard from Eastern Europe, boasts of her independence of Russian influence, though Western hopes were damaged when she withdrew her acceptance of the invitation to the Marshall Plan meeting in Paris. Retention in office of that western-minded democrat, Jan Masaryk, would seem to bear out the claim.

But Gottwald has his party interests at heart just the same; in the sort of situation that exists in Czechoslovakia, it is of value to show that it is, after all, possible for a country in the Russian orbit to retain some independence. And as an old pillar of the Comintern, Gottwald is an expert in the handling of political niceties.

If, today, he suffers his country occasionally to veer towards a Western course, he knows that he is thus helping Moscow to maintain connections which might otherwise break under the strain of Master Molotov's public intransigence.

And just across the Channel is Maurice Thorez. Earnest and quiet, Thorez is one of the most powerful personalities of international Communism. He's a terrific demagogue, but well versed in the subtleties of his creed. Holding an "outpost" of the vast Communist lines, he moves slowly, carefully, watching the turn of events which now look like placing him in a more difficult position than any of his colleagues. He knows that a grave political conflict confronts him as France joins the ranks of the Western Powers after the Marshall offer.

Once, while the Nazi-Soviet pact was in operation, he fled his country rather than fight the Germans. They called him a "traitor" in France. More recently he came out fighting for French interests and against his German party friends when the fate of the Ruhr was discussed.

Frontiers Don't Count

Thorez has earned Moscow's gratitude by building up a strong Communist Party; it's the strongest party in France. Where Thorez will stand if conflict between East and West develops few can doubt. Those who like him least insist that he will be in Moscow again. But they add that he will leave behind well-organized, fanatical followers in many spheres of public life—for the ideological division of Europe cannot be traced by a frontier or an Iron Curtain.

That, indeed, is the weapon which Communists regard as their best defence against the atom bomb. And whatever their technique, their temporary tactics, their own predilections, in France, in Italy, in Jugoslavia, in Germany, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Greece, they are working to build up their Bastions of the Mind.

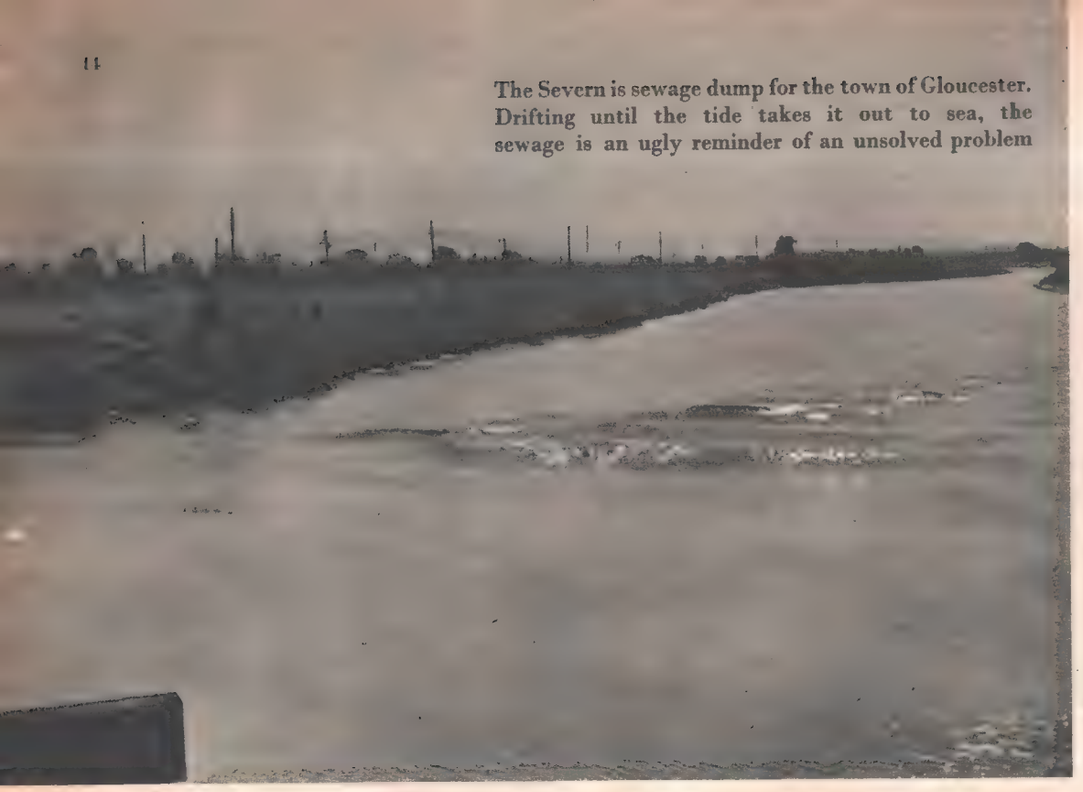
Conquest of souls and jobs, infiltration into homes and offices, propaganda for old and young, progress with violence or ingenuity—that is what all of them have in common. It is a formidable front.

nist rally with other leading "comrades." Thorez ains." And his party is the strongest in France

Togliatti, of Italy, scans the headlines. He's an ardent party man—but no stooge

Pieck, of Germany, harangues followers in Russian Zone. He is Molotov's loyal parrot

Dimitrov, of Bulgaria: "Not orders given or asked, but two heads with one thought"



The Severn is sewage dump for the town of Gloucester. Drifting until the tide takes it out to sea, the sewage is an ugly reminder of an unsolved problem

Wealth goes down the drain

by HUBERT COLE

Many rivers have become vast floating filth bins. Yet much of the waste consigned to the water—killing off fish, menacing health—could be put to productive use

"THE COAST LINE measures about 150 miles . . . into this is discharged a minimum of 200,000 gallons of crude sewage every mile every twenty-four hours, or about forty large buckets full every yard daily.

"This is the cesspool that thousands of people bathe in during the hot summer months, and this is where our shrimps and prawns live and feed. So filthy is the coast here that we do not allow shellfish to be sold for human consumption unless it is properly treated, but potted shrimps and prawns are considered a luxury."

That is a quotation from an official report. Where? Some place in the Middle East? When? A hundred years or so ago? No. The place is the north-west coast of England. The date is 1945. The report is made by the Lune Fishery Board. The Lune is a river which rises in Westmorland and runs through part of Yorkshire and Lancashire before reaching the sea below Lancaster.

It is one of many rivers recently surveyed by the British Field Sports Society. One of many which are so polluted, either during their course or from the influx of sewage emptied into the sea near their estuaries, that for long stretches not even fish can live in them.

In the first ten years of this century, the average salmon catch from nets in the River Severn was 24,140 fish a year; in the twenties it dropped to about 17,000; in 1945 it was 3,845. Sewage destroys salmon eggs in the upper spawning grounds. Sewage is responsible for killing off thousands of young salmon entering the sea at the mouth of the river. The town of Gloucester empties the whole of its sewage into the tidal reaches of the river. It cannot get away to sea in a single tide and drifts backwards and forwards with the ebb and flow. And in the north, where the Tyne was once one of our most famous salmon rivers, "Newcastle and Gateshead and the other large towns down to the river mouth empty into the tidal reaches no less than thirty million gallons of entirely untreated sewage each day, or 10,950,000,000 gallons a year. There is no purification plant whatever. At low tide human excreta with its attendant unpleasantness can be seen dropping from the sewage outfalls, of which there are 268 between Wylam, at the head of the tide, and the sea.

"As the tide runs at only about two miles an hour, this mass of filth cannot get away to sea in a single tide, but moves up and down the estuary taking several tides to clear, and during that time a further heavy quantity of sewage is being poured into the river, so that a reasonably clean river, even for an hour or two during the day, has become impossible."

Infection-Carriers

The risk of infection and disease is obvious to anybody who has seen gulls, which have fed on fish killed by the sewage, later drinking at freshwater reservoirs inland.

Not only human waste but the waste from industrial plants is killing off fish and polluting the rivers. Acids from metal works, hot water from factory condensers, tar from gasworks—all these are poured into our rivers and streams. Fish have been found with their fins eaten away by corrosion and even their eyes burnt out of their sockets.

Factories, which are supposed to pass their waste products into local sewers and pay to have them rendered innocuous, resort more and more to the practice of ejecting them direct into the rivers through "emergency" outlets. "Purification" in many sewage works is a very perfunctory business.

The British Field Sports Society is, naturally, concerned with the effect of all this pollution on the fish. It is an important point, especially today, when we find ourselves in the maniacal position of wantonly killing off thousands of salmon and other fish each year while paying much-needed dollars to import similar but inferior fish in tins.

But there is much more than the loss of fish involved. There is the progressive ruining of rural amenities. There is the danger to health. Above all, there is the mad waste of fertilizers and immensely valuable by-products which can be extracted from sewage. By scientific processing, sewage can yield by-products which would otherwise have to be purchased with dollars abroad.

Some enlightened public authorities have already had great success with these processes. The West Middlesex drainage system, covering an area of 162 square miles and a population of over 1,200,000, opened an extraction plant at Mogden ten years ago. It produces combustible gas and fertilizer.

The gas, mostly composed of methane, provides power for the entire works, driving eleven engines with a total of 6,750 horsepower. The fertilizer is sold to farmers and produces an income of £6,000 a year. The methane gas saves an expenditure—largely in dollars—of around £40,000 a year which would otherwise have to be spent on fuel oil.

Waste from Factories

The Middlesex plant deals mainly with domestic sewage. Special problems (but the possibility of even greater success) face those plants where sewage contains a large proportion of waste products from factories. Bradford Corporation have to deal with sewage containing fifty per cent waste from wool scouring plants, dyeworks, breweries, engineering and chemical works. They are compelled by law to purify this sewage as far as possible. By making a virtue of necessity, they have produced really amazing results.

Here the amount of fertilizer sold, though greater than that produced in West Middlesex, is small compared with the amount of grease, oil, crude soap and other products recovered from the sewage. Axle grease, cable insulation, rust preventives, dubbin, paint, carbon paper, printing ink, furniture polish, flooring material—the Esholt Works at Bradford provide the basic constituents for all these. And many of the products are exported.

During the year ended this March, Bradford Corporation sold its grease products for £270,623 and its fertilizer for £21,047. More than a quarter of a million pounds produced from sewage which, elsewhere, is being tipped into rivers and sea!

We are a long way, now, from the few thousand salmon into whose fate we began to inquire.

The nations are like a group of boys playing marbles, said Mr. Dalton—and one boy (the U.S.A.) has won the lot. But here's a way we can make use of our own marbles. Why, then, don't we get on with it? The high cost of installing the extraction plant is the answer.

Every local authority is responsible for the disposal of its own sewage. Its duty to its ratepayers is obviously to dispose of the sewage by the cheapest possible means while still complying with the law. So the coast town tips it direct into the sea, and the inland town, after screening it to prevent local pollution but without attempting to extract its valuable components, disperses it into the nearest river.

Bradford, with a population of less than 270,000, annually produces sewage by-products worth more than £1 per head of population. For any inland town of a population of 100,000 or more, it would probably be a sound economic proposition to run an extraction plant.

But the local ratepayers, in any but the most prosperous towns, cannot meet the cost of installation of an extraction plant. The plant at Bradford cost about two and a half million pounds; the one at West Middlesex cost over five million.

The Government should provide the money—which need not be a gift but a long-term loan—and take steps to enforce the installation of extraction plants in all main towns and industrial areas.

FREE SPEECH

The law hits hard at the small betting man, says a reader who leads this week's letters with a plan for making all wagers "respectable"

AS THE LAW STANDS TODAY, betting is allowed on credit, and on approved race tracks ready-money betting is legal. Why this discrimination against the ordinary man, who probably has to be at work and anyway would have to think twice about the expense of attending a race meeting?

Some consideration might be given to the street bookmaker. He does not make a book in the true sense of the word because he has no control whatever over his odds. In proven fact he is standing a hundred per cent greater risk of losing than the man on the course. Why, then, should he be open to a fine?

Surely, if the law condones credit betting, it can have no objection to betting on principle. So why not put it in a respectable light? Bookmakers, like merchants, might then open shops where one could hand one's wager over a counter.

This would eliminate once and for all the "spiv" runners who, by introducing their own rules and limits, are rapidly turning "the sport of kings" into one of pure graft.—JOHN JOSEPH O'BRIEN, 92 Whinney Hill, Durham City, Co. Durham.

Stop Grumbling About Miners

PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA what a miner gets to eat talk glibly about all his supposed "extras."

My husband is an underground worker. He is allowed a shilling's worth of extra meat every week and one page of L bread units every month. That is the extent of his "extras."

He does not get extra cheese because he has a canteen at his pit—although the men very rarely see cheese there. When the men make a purchase at the canteen it is usually either toast or bread and jam. And the miners believe the jam is put on with a paint brush or something similar. They get four slices for sevenpence halfpenny.

Most of the complaints about miners' "extras" come from farm workers, who say they do just as important work as the miners and should get priorities. All I have to say to them is this:

My husband will take your place on the land with *your* priorities (vegetables, etc.) if you will take his place down the pit and risk your life every day.—"MINER'S WIFE." (Name and address enclosed.)

Clergyman Defies the Bishops

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF JOHN BULL, the Rev. W. E. Purcell explained the attitude of bishops and clergy who refuse to marry people who have passed through the divorce court.

As a clergyman, let me say straight away that I have never been guilty of such a refusal, for I consider it to be both unchristian and illegal.

The Anglican Church is the Church of England established by law. The law says that all divorced people have a right to be remarried in an Anglican church.

How comes it that our bishops forbid their clergy to do what kindly thought prompts them to do? This episcopal proscription has never received the sanction of the State, and if the matter were tested in a court of law the bishops would lose.

Suppose my bishop gets to know that I have officiated at a so-called "divorced wedding." What can he do to me by way of punishment? Can he unfrock me? Of course not.

Can he give me notice to quit? Certainly not, because as long as I behave myself I have security of tenure.

I can continue to marry divorced people. It is obvious that it is not I who am disobeying the law but the bishop.

Mr. Purcell quotes the words "till death us do part." These words, be it remembered, are not part of the legal ceremony. Registrars never use them.

They have been inserted by the Church in order to give an added solemnity to the service and for no other purpose.

Where two people cannot live together happily it is far better that they should separate rather than that they should go on in a state of misery.

After all, marriage is far more than a union of names. It is, or at any rate it should be, the binding of hearts. Where hearts have been rent asunder let us do the honest and commonsense thing by giving spiritual as well as legal sanction to the separation.—INCUMBENT. (Name and address enclosed.)

No Thought for the Old Folks

THERE IS MUCH GRUMBLING about having to live with parents because of house shortage. I've just realized that nearly all the grumbling comes from the young married couples—not from the "old folk" whose homes we invade.

These grand old sports sacrificed themselves for their children all their lives. Now, when they should be able to enjoy their last few years in peace and quiet, they must give up half their house to us and our noisy brats—and *we* do all the grumbling.

It would seem that the "Old Folks at Home" are always "at home" when wanted.

Shut up, grousers—and hats off to the old 'uns!—MRS. E. ROBINSON, 117 Windermere Road, London, S.W.16.

LET'S HAVE REST CAMPS ● BIRTH ON THE SCREEN ● SERVILE SHOPPERS ● A WOMAN ON CRICKET

HOLIDAY CAMPS are springing up all over Britain with frenzied activity as their chief attraction.

At these camps, it seems, people do P.T., take part in strenuous sport and, in general, use up as much energy as possible. Youth hostels, the other existing form of camp, cater for the walker and the cyclist.

On behalf of the people who like nothing better than to sprawl and laze about during their fortnight's break, might I appeal for camps where rest and not exercise would be the rule?—WM. KNOX, 53 Barassie Street, Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland.

A Film's Effect on Girls

I DISAGREE WITH S. L. F. (JOHN BULL, July 26) that the film *Birth of a Baby*, may influence girls against having children. Even if it did, anything that helped to check the illegitimacy rate would not be a bad thing.

As to providing "men who hang around street corners" with material for lewd jokes—they would get such material anyway.—ERIC DAYNES, 97 Chatham Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool, 7.

It Should Not Be Shown

MY FIANCE AND I went to see the film, *Birth of a Baby*, thinking it might be helpful. How I wish I hadn't gone! I no longer look forward to the joys of marriage and children. The outcome of such an intimate act as sexual intercourse should not be shown to the cinema public.—MISS O. S., Middlesex. (Name and address enclosed.)

Civil Servants, Bless Them!

BACK IN 1943, on being promoted to corporal, I was confronted with an income tax demand. I wrote a letter about it to the Inspector of Taxes at Leamington Spa.

By return of post I received a registered parcel containing sixty cigarettes with a note signed "Three Well Wishers." I suspect they were three girls in the income tax office.

Ever since I have refused to hear a harsh word said about civil servants.—G. WILLIAMS, 35 St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

Wrong Approach

AFTER A FEW YEARS in the Services I returned to my old job as a dispensing chemist to find, with a shock, that customers are not what they were.

Instead of asking for what she wants the average customer now begs. More often than not she begins by saying, "I don't suppose you have such a thing as . . . ?" This approach is made even for things that are not scarce.

I do not like it. Behind the counter we prefer direct requests every time.—W. A. PORTER, Mansfield House, Mansfield Terrace, Malmesbury, Wiltshire.

Streamline Cricket

COMMENT OF MY WIFE, after seeing her first County Cricket match:

"Yes, cricket is a good game. But I don't see why players who are not good batsmen should take a knock at all. I think it would be much better if, say,

six batsmen—the captain could pick them—batted for each side.

"This would keep the bowlers fresh for the job of bowling. Then the spectators would see first-class batting all the time. And it would speed up the game quite a bit."—G. A. L., Nottingham. (Name and address enclosed.)

Learning to Weld

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Boom in the Shipyards" (JOHN BULL, July 5), Harry Hopkins states that welding can be picked up quickly. He has been misinformed. It takes about five years to make a first-class all-round welder. Badly trained or inexperienced welders have caused untold damage.—G. N. DEAN, 19 St. George's Road, Stretford, Lancs.

From Mr. Rogers (82)—

AN UNEMPLOYED MAN recently complained in JOHN BULL that he seemed to be too old for a job at thirty-five.

Well, I am eighty-two years and six months. I can paper a room, paint anything, make a lead-light, write a sign of any size, make up paint in any colour. (I have also been summoned for selling Irish Sweepstake tickets but the case was dismissed.) I was born January 22, 1865.—W. ROGERS, Sr., 19 Lyde Road, Pen Mill, Yeovil.

—and Miss Styles (11)

I AM ELEVEN YEARS OLD. A few weeks ago we had our exams at school. I don't think exams are fair.

There are two classes of girls at school. The first type, when exams come, swot up all the year's work and get excited and nervous when the papers are given out. Then everything they have learned is forgotten and they come out badly in the results. I am of this class.

The other type also swot up but when

With Worst Wishes

A LITTLE GROUP OF MEN of assorted ages and sizes stood on an aerodrome waiting to climb into a plane. It was the Illwill Mission setting off for an unknown destination.

The idea of an Illwill Mission to counteract the negative influences of Goodwill Missions came from Professor Weed, the eminent scientist and inventor of a postwar cheese that mice will eat.

"Got the idea for an Illwill Mission when I called on my butcher about a chop that even gamma rays wouldn't penetrate," he told me.

"There have been too many Goodwill Missions about. They only make people cantankerous."

★ ★ ★

So the Professor got together ten people of ten different nationalities and sent them as Ambassadors of Bad Feeling all over the place.

They went to a European State which had just drawn up a trade agreement with the next-door country. Members of the Mission were asked what they thought of the agreement. They said "It stinks" in ten different languages, then packed their bags and left. Within two days the State, which knew the agreement stank anyway, had drawn up a new one which pleased both countries.

"I heard that civil war was likely to break out in Upper Pandemonia," said the Professor. "I sent my Undiplomatic Corps there. They insulted the leaders to such an extent that all factions united like brothers in order to throw them out.

"You should have seen the Mission when they were shown a Peace Treaty," he went on. "It was a scream. They said, 'This means war!', tore the treaty in little pieces and then held a Friendship Banquet where all the food was poisoned. At least people knew where they were."

★ ★ ★

"Where is the Mission going next?" I asked.

"There," he said, pointing to a map. "They are going to propose a Bad Neighbours policy."

"Thank goodness no one will take your Illwill Missions seriously," I said.

"No one takes Goodwill Missions seriously either," he answered. "At least my Undiplomatic Corps doesn't leave people wondering what they mean. So goodbye, and all the worst."

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

it comes to the papers they exert themselves more than usual and do well.

Do you think exams are fair—or should reports be based on the term's work as a whole? — ANNE STYLES, Burnside, Lodge Lane, Romford, Essex.

Go Easy on Tomatoes

WHY THE TOMATO COMPLEX among greenhouse owners these days? Nineteen out of every twenty seem to grow nothing else. I grow tomatoes, certainly, but I grow them outside.

I use my small greenhouse for a display of begonias, fuchsias and pelargoniums—much more satisfying to the eye.—LESLIE A. HALSALL, 52 Abingdon Road, Bramhall, Cheshire.

Work for Work's Sake

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR EMPLOYEES of all types paint glowing pictures of five-day weeks, recreational facilities, holidays with pay, and so on.

The interest of the work itself seems of little or no importance. Naturally everyone wants and needs reasonable leisure, but it is a dreary prospect if so many people lack all enthusiasm for work.—MRS. P. M. LINFORD, Windycot, Withywell Lane, Croyde, North Devon.

Lost Weekend

LAST WEEK OUR FACTORY started a five-day, forty-four hour week. I was surprised to find quite a few employees did not relish a Saturday morning off with nothing to do.

I wondered: Will they avail themselves of the splendid opportunity of becoming craftsmen or sportsmen? Will facilities become available in small towns like ours? Now is the time to think about spending leisure hours wisely.—LOUISE M. INNES, 5 Theatre Street, Dereham, Norfolk.

∴ Because leisure has become a problem, JOHN BULL is telling the stories of people who are happy in their hobbies.—EDITOR.

Coupon-free Sports Kit

WE OFTEN SEE in the daily newspapers advertisements offering a wide range of Government surplus stocks for sale. But never have I seen a single offer of surplus sports goods.

The Forces must have enormous stocks of football shirts and other kit lying idle in N.A.A.F.I. and welfare stores and never likely to be used. How eagerly junior clubs all over the country would jump at the chance of buying such things free of coupons. Government spokesmen say youth should play sport rather than watch it. Here is one practical way it could encourage junior teams. For any new club, lack of gear is one of the biggest drawbacks. — C. S. PRESTON, Sparks Sports Club, 4 Portland Street, Walworth, London, S.E.17.

Make Them Go to Church

COMMISSIONER DALZIEL of the Salvation Army advocated *compulsory* Sunday School for all children up to fifteen.

Why not? Day school isn't voluntary. Are the Three R's above Christianity?—ROBERT LOCK, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Cycling Danger

IN THESE DAYS when so much is done to safeguard the health and wellbeing of our children, is it not possible to devise a way of preventing the appalling road accidents to child cyclists? Recently it came as a real shock to me to realize how little I knew of the roadworthiness of my own two children's cycles. I rarely inspect them and it is only when something is seriously wrong with the machines that they are in any way overhauled.

A casual look at the brakes or the payment of a modest bill is not enough. I feel it would not seriously add to the expenses of education if there were a systematic examination of school cycles by a competent inspector.

Where necessary a note—similar to the clinical notices already sent out—might be forwarded to parents, drawing their attention to the defects of the cycles and requesting their immediate rectification under penalty.—EDITH TWIGG, 46 Thorn Park, Mannamead, Plymouth.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

PAINTING this cover in the quiet of his studio, Jerry Critchlow stirred up memories of a happy holiday on the east coast. "We used to go to the beach," he says, "and watch the fishermen, who had been out to sea all night, sort out their catch of shrimps, boil them and then tip them on to a bench to cool. These they packed in a cardboard box for dispatch. The fishermen didn't mind our sampling their catch, and we could always buy lots of shrimps to take back for tea."

Income Tax Relief

COULD NOT income tax relief be granted to those who have to pay excessive rents? People I know have to pay from a third to almost a half of their net income.

Many ex-Servicemen have settled in towns where they get no housing priority, and have to live in furnished rooms. Since the "protection" after an appeal is only three months, they hesitate to go to a rents tribunal.—B. E. C. LEWIS, Kenilworth Gardens, Blackpool, Lancs.

Colour Bar

I AM AN INDIAN RESIDENT in this country. I fought as a private in the Royal West Kent Regiment in the first World War and was decorated. I receive a pension of 8s. a week for wounds received in the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

Yet I am despised as a "nigger," and am only too familiar with the "colour bar." For wounds to my body I get 8s., for wounds to my pride I get indifference. The "colour bar" I get for nothing.—A. J. S. (Name and address enclosed.)

Why Keep Him?

WE ARE FREQUENTLY TOLD of the benefits to be had in the modern Army. Yet a soldier's demob number is raised as a form of punishment.

Surely it should be lowered, so that his time for enjoying these "benefits" is shortened!—H. GARDINER, Park View, Town Bottom, Lepton, Huddersfield.

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address of the sender must be given (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

RED

(1) What is the Turkish Red Crescent? (2) What ships fly the Red Ensign? (3) Where is scarlet called pink? (4) What was the Red Flag Law? (5) What is a Red Admiral?

FILMS

(1) Name two Walt Disney films with a South American setting? (2) What is the nationality of the film director Eisenstein? (3) Many foreign films shown here are "dubbed." What does that mean? (4) *The Cabinet of Dr. . . .*, made in Germany about 1919, has become a classic. What was the "Doctor's" name, and who played the part? (5) Most of us are glad less "quota quickies" are to be made here—what are they?

SONGS

(1) From which current show comes the song "People will say we're in love?" (2) Who was it that o'er the green cornfields did pass, with a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino? (3) With which singer is the song "Any old Iron" associated? (4) What song did our troops pick up from the Germans in the Western Desert and turn into a hit? (5) Who wrote "Blue Skies," and who "Begin the Beguine"?

MANNERS

(1) How did the custom of the man walking nearest to the curb begin? (2) Which is more correct, "serviette" or "table-napkin"? (3) Should you introduce the woman to the man or the man to the woman? (4) Is it ever correct to drink the toast to the King seated? (5) What is the origin of raising the hat in greeting?

LABOUR

(1) What is a closed shop? (2) Who were the Rochdale Pioneers? (3) What is a picket? (4) Who is Arthur Horner's American counterpart? (5) Who wrote the book, *Merrie England*?

ISLANDS

(1) Napoleon was born on one island, escaped from another, and died on a third. Which were they? (2) Where did Fletcher Christian and the mutineers of the *Bounty* settle? (3) Where is the Isle of Thanet? (4) For what is Easter Island most famous? (5) Is the Isle of Aran the same as the Isle of Arran?

(*Answers on page 22*)

THE STEPPING STONES

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

Watkins steered the tree straight at the bridge. Yet it was not clear how he died

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

The whole village sympathized with their local historian when the County Council destroyed his favourite landmark —but only the old rabbit-catcher saw his final vengeance

WATKINS OF THE POST OFFICE said that the Romans had crossed the river at Godron. And Watkins the Post was an authority on such matters; spending his half-days roaming the parish, digging up the past whenever he saw a mound of earth or a little uneven ground.

So that every new farmer who came up from England had to be warned not to leave a mound above when he buried a sheep or a calf. Or else Watkins the Post would unearth the loss, on his half-day.

The people of Godron may have doubted that the Romans crossed over from one county to the other at their very village. But within living memory it was known that the stepping stones had always been there.

Big uneven stones with their sides rounded by the constant waters. Placed in the river just a little man's step the one from the other. So that even the children going home from school could cross without a splash.

And Cordie the rabbit catcher could take his bike over, the wheels not touching the fast-flowing water in between each stone.

Romans or no Romans the stepping stones were part of Godron. Not just old ornaments to show the strangers but things used every day of the week by someone passing over from one land to the other.

Late night lads going home from a dance always gave a little shout in the dark before they started to cross, for there was always trouble if they should meet someone from the other side half-way.

Part and parcel of Godron were the stepping stones. Watkins the Post had had them all measured and mapped and had written away to a society when the parish council had had the stones white-painted during the blackout so that the clerk had had a strong letter and had to get Shon the roadman to scrub them with turpentine to get them to the old colour again.

It was Watkins the Post who came upon the officials. It was a quiet half-day in October, with the leaves dropping with hardly a splash into the still, deep water above the stones. And a little sunshine, too, peeping out every now and again through gaps in the high clouds.

Such a day to bring out officials, venturing from their offices to do any work out among the rest of the world. An ideal day for the surveyors from the county offices. Leaving their radiators and the files to come out to Godron.

Watkins found the two of them at work. A thin man in plus-fours and his assistant, a lad with a surveying tape in his hand.

They were one each side of the river. And there, stretching between them, level over the stepping stones, was the tape.

Watkins had been on his way to the Hen Domen across in the big meadow on the other side of the river. It was said that the ferreters were there after rabbits. And in the digging anything might come up.

But Watkins paused by the men with the tape, for he knew that tape meant surveying. And surveying by men like these ended in building. And building meant the altering of things. Something new coming, and something old going.

He spoke to the man in plus-fours, for he was making all the notes.

"Good afternoon. Nice afternoon to do some surveying?"

The plus-foured one didn't answer Watkins straight away but called to his lad to wind in the tape. Then he looked at Watkins. Looked down at him. For Watkins was only a small man and at the post office had a little raised platform behind his counter on which to stand.

"Well, my man, and what can I do for you?"

The lad was crossing the stepping stones now. Carefully and trying each stone with his foot. As if the stones which had held the weight of the thousands would sink under this one lad.

Watkins answered very civil, although it was said in Godron that he was only civil to the head postmaster on that official's visits to the village.

"Only saying, I was, sir, that it was a fine day. Surveying the stones are you?"

"Yes, we are. They're not quite in line, either. The last stone is set about six inches lower down the stream than the first."

"Oh?"

"Yes. But that's not really important.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Wrong side out

CONVERSATION is impossible with a man who can only see one side to a question. Such a man becomes dogmatic, unreasonable, even downright stupid.

In the same way as there are two sides to a question, there are two "sides" to every human being. The side we show to the world is generally held to be the right side: the other is known only to ourselves.

Unless we realize this we are all inclined to be dogmatic, unreasonable and often stupid.

We sometimes hear a person described as being "wrong side out." We say, on such an occasion, that we can do nothing right as far as he is concerned. And we blame him.

Is it always the fault of the fellow we think is "wrong side out"? Maybe the fault lies a little nearer home. Perhaps this "inner side" we are sometimes allowed to see has more in it of truth and sincerity than the "outer side" that the world mostly sees. "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is."

It is, indeed, only in our hearts that the truth rests about what we believe or do not believe. Only there do we know what we honestly think about people and things. Truth is never very welcome—to those who hear it. Maybe that is why we resent being shown the real side of a person's character.

In this everyday world, too often "right side out" merely means that the real us is overlaid by a thick crust of convention and social usage with which the "wrong side" is in total disagreement. The truth is that if the thoughts of the heart are right, its aspirations noble and its aims high, the fact will reveal itself to others whatever side is uppermost. "Truth will out" applies to each one of us.

It's the banks we're interested in."

"Building, maybe?"

"Yes. We're going ahead with the plan at last."

It all came to Watkins then. Years ago there had been a plan. A plan to build a footbridge to replace the stones. With steps to climb at each end and a little handrail to catch hold of. But the plan had gone, even before there had been time to organize opposition. For in trying to keep the rates down the county council had decided to abandon much minor building.

But now this. Straight from the horse's mouth. But perhaps some other plan? Better make sure.

"Going to build the bridge then?"

"At last, yes. Do the world of good for your parish. A good stout footbridge so that folks can pass to and fro in comfort."

Watkins was slow to answer him and so the official called his lad, and together they went away.

But Watkins the postman didn't cross over to the Hen Domen. Let Cordie the rabbit-catcher dig up what he would this afternoon.

For there were changes in the air. They would build the bridge and take away the stones.

For a long time Watkins sat there, looking up the river. And trying to think what it would be like to see the pool through the pillars of a footbridge.

Ladders and concrete. So that people could pass in safety and in comfort.

No one had ever been known to drown from the crossing of the stones. No one had even been known to wet their feet even. When the river was in flood it seemed just to race quicker through the gaps of the stones, and that was all.

The old stones going. A change. All his life Watkins had fought against changes. To hang on to the old. To keep the old things in the parish. And here were a few wanting to give the many something new, not even to make them happier. But only that things might be changed.

The parish council clerk told Watkins quite straight that it was only natural for people to cross by bridges rather than hop from stone to stone. Man was made to stride out, he told Watkins.

"We councils must get things done, Watkins. Why, in London when I was last there . . ." (the one time only, as Watkins knew, when Evans had gone to a conference on footpaths) ". . . people cross the street by tunnels. Going right under in safety and comfort."

So Watkins knew for certain that the parish council would be against him.

The petition failed, too, although most of the parish signed and Cordie the rabbit-catcher was for putting his mark on each of the sheets. But it failed. The county council, taking it in graciously and putting it before their members side by side with their plan, showing it not as the old against the new, the loved against the unknown, but as convenience against inconvenience. And so the petition failed.

Watkins also tried canvassing the county council members. Spending his half-day travelling up far to the north of the county and down to where the river left Wales for England.

Up in the north he had some luck, for the river was small up there and men were used to stepping stones and understood such things. But down on the very border, where the river runs wide and they have the floods, they were all for bridges. Raising them up in the air far above the dangerous waters.

But from all the members it was the same talk. That they paid their surveyor £1,000 a year and that he knew best on such things.

And though hoping that it would not be, Watkins knew that it must all start sometime. He took to going along to the stepping stones almost every day of the winter in the evening when the post office had closed. But he knew that it would be the spring before it all started.

Early spring it happened. Cordie the rabbit-catcher coming into the post office with the news that a lorry was unloading poles and ladders. Concrete mixers and bags of cement. Buckets and planks.

But, said Cordie, no gravel, for they are going to use sand from the river bed.

Watkins knew the sand. Just where the river turned there was a little patch of sand, carried across to the one bank.

That evening, Watkins went along to the stepping stones.

Already they had laid planks along the stepping stones, and there were the marks of the wheelbarrows where they had been bowling the sand across. The water of the river still muddy, for they had been levelling out the soil on the banks.

Behind a clump of bushes a little blue of smoke rose in the evening air. So that Watkins thought that a tramp had lit a fire there for the night. Until he saw, too, the tall narrow hut and knew they had set a night watchman. A watchman there already. A strange man. Blind in the one eye and deaf in his two ears. Watkins touched his hat to the watchman. For it paid with such people.

"You are watching the stones?"

"Eh?"

And the watchman touched both his ears with his hands.

Watkins pointed to the stepping stones.

"Watching the stones?"

The watchman brightened up at that and nodded his head quickly.

"Ay, many bones in the river. Floods and the suicides. I remember when I was digging up in the valley."

Watkins thought of excavations when the watchman mentioned the digging, but it appeared only that he had been watchman at some exhumations.

Finding this man like the county council Watkins left him.

The bridge grew with the summer, faster with the longer days, for they had to get it finished before autumn came, with the rains and the faster water.

An affair of concrete pillars with the wooden footwalk. And just ordinary tubular piping for the handrails.

"More like a bathroom than a bridge," said Watkins to Cordie as they stood one evening gazing at this thing so strange against the water.

"Our stones, Cordie, look at our stones, the planks and the barrows."

"Yes, Mr. Watkins, but worse I hear. They are going to move the stones away when the bridge is finished. I heard that the Catchment people say that the stones hold up the waters and cause flooding upstream."

"After all these years, Cordie, only now have they found out this. Only now."

But Watkins had to watch the bridge grow, be completed. See it opened one half-day by the local county councillor, who cut a length of ribbon and walked across. The villagers following, gazing down from the heights to the river below, surging against the rough concrete pillars.

Two people never crossed the bridge. Watkins and Cordie used the stepping stones until the very day that the men came to take them away.

Watkins stood on the bank, the last time, to see the stones. The men lifting them up with block and tackle fixed to a three-legged stand placed in the water. Wire rope round each stone and pulled by a tractor on the bank.

Like the taking out of teeth. A pull and heave of the tractor, the stones coming slowly, so slowly out of their deep sockets. The water rushing muddy into each deep hole and then the stone carried away to the bank and into a lorry. Taking the stones away to be crushed into road stone at the council quarry where they had the big stone-crushing plant.

Watkins had closed the post office that day to watch the end of the stones. And when he got back to the post office there was a little crowd waiting for him to open up again.

They knew where he had been and they were quiet and Watkins could feel their sympathy in the quietness. But he went in and sold the stamps and postal orders as if nothing had happened.

Watkins waited his time, as all men who want real revenge can do. He gave up all love of the past and lived now only for the future, and the day when he could get even with the county council.

It cost him a lot of money.

He bought a farm up river. With three of its meadows bordering the water. And in one of the meadows, right by the water's edge, an old high oak tree. With half its roots running out into the river.

Cordie told the tale afterwards. With sadness in his voice yet a rare pride in the way he held his head.

They'd waited until January, with Watkins going backwards and forwards between the post office and the little farm. And Cordie making his home in the farm, catching the rabbits and looking after the few stock on the place.

They'd waited until January and the week of rain. Waited until the river had become muddy, fast, and carrying big lumps of foam on the surface. Making a roar, too, as lower down it surged against the concrete pillars of the new footbridge. A roar such as it had never made with the stepping stones.

And then on the Sunday Watkins and Cordie started to cut down the oak tree so that it would fall in the river. A ticklish job even for expert timber-fellers. But with cross-cut and long handled axe they worked through the day. They had tied a rope high in the branches, Cordie climbing there like a squirrel.

And with only a few inches of wood holding the oak they took the rope up the river bank and pulled until the last inches gave way and the oak fell into the river with a plunge and a high

Continued on page 21

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

MR. PEEK AND MR. FREAN

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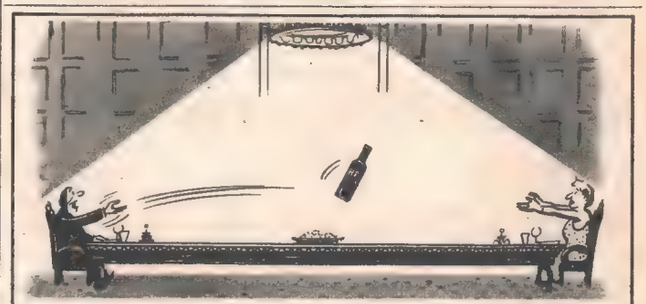

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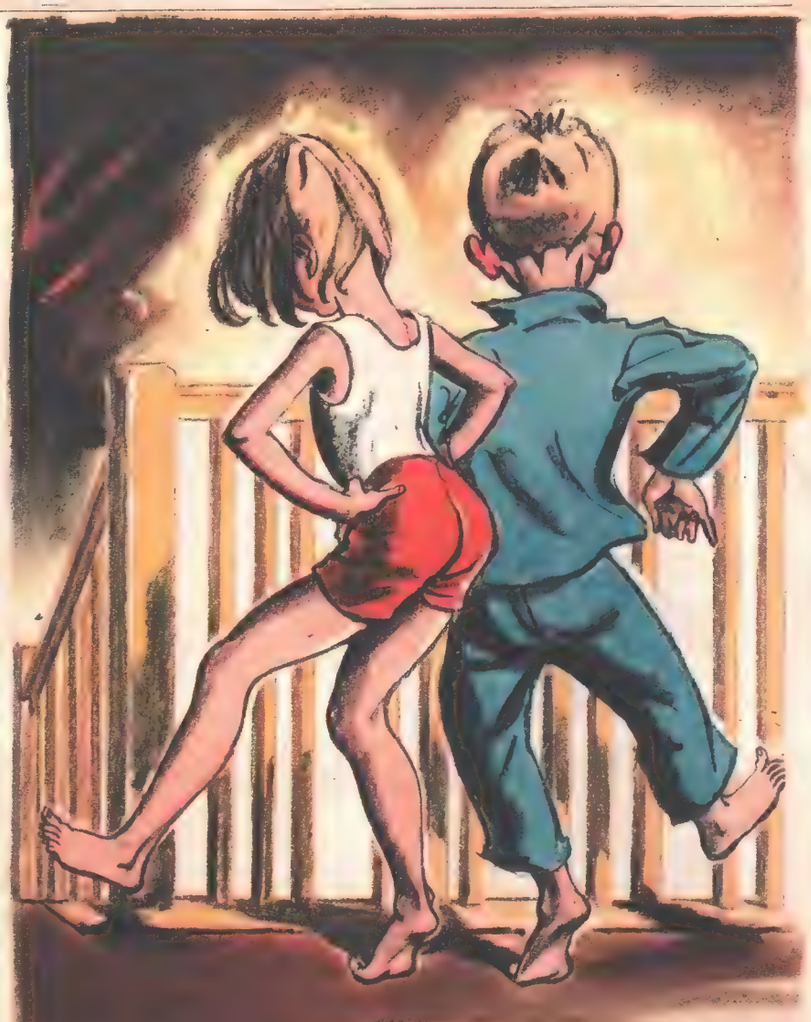

HERE'S the late dance music coming up. And the first number's an old-fashioned medley. So come on, folks. It's everybody in — and Heaven help the sideboard on a night like this ! What a grand party it is ! It really started off as the twins' birthday party. Only the poor darlings had to go to bed at nine o'clock. Such a shame !

murphy

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Continued from page 18

splash, wallowing there close to the bank, and anchored by the rope.

Cordie says that what happened next was quite beyond all the planning. Watkins seemed to grow wild in his ways but quiet in his talk when the oak had fallen. He went to the farm and came back with a long larch pole. Cordie thought this was to push the oak out into midstream. But then Watkins took a leap from the bank right on to the trunk of the oak, landing on a big main fork.

Even now, Cordie says that unless he had seen it he would not have believed it possible. But Watkins landed there, still with his long pole in his hand. The first thing he did was to untie the rope from the tree.

Cordie thought he had gone there to do this, for although Cordie is crafty in the ways of rabbits he is slow on the uptake of ordinary things.

Watkins crouched there on the broad fork of the oak tree and pushed at the river-bank with his long pole to get the tree out to midstream.

He was soon there, and out in the fast deep water the tree started to move very fast. So that Cordie, walking alongside on the distant bank, had to walk fast and could hardly keep up with it, what with the climbing across the barbed wire and jumping the little brooks.

So they went on, ever faster. Watkins sitting now on the oak tree. And Cordie running along the bank and shouting. Shouting to Watkins to stop, to come back. But for him there could be no stopping, no coming back.

Cordie says he stopped running when the bridge came in sight. He didn't want to be too near at the end. So he does not know exactly how Watkins died. From the rear it looked as if Watkins was using the long pole as a kind of oar to steer the big base of the oak right for the centre pier of the bridge. The mass of branches hid Watkins as Cordie looked on at the back of it all.

THERE was a crash and the whole bridge seemed to shake. The oak tree slowed, then went on again, its top branches sweeping the broken footway into the water. The whole tree turned over then and went on until it reached the shallow part where the stepping stones had been. And there it stayed, the water rattling among its branches.

All that was left of the bridge was the jagged stump of the pillar. Broken off a few feet above water level. The steps at either side of the river, too, rising steeply into the air and leading to nowhere.

Cordie came down to look for Watkins. But the darkness was coming and the noise of the water in all the leafless branches frightened him, so that he ran straight into Godron to tell what had happened.

They came with storm lanterns and ropes to look for Watkins. Came later with dragging irons and a boat. But they never found him.

Some say he lies in a deep hole of the river, waiting like King Arthur to be awakened. Others say that he interfered too much in the past and that the little folk came to take his body away. He is already a legend on the border.

They built the bridge again, stronger and better than before. But few people use it. Rather they will cycle up to the big bridge five miles up the river. And none at all will use the little bridge after dark.

For although people may doubt the story of Watkins of the post office sleeping ready to be awakened in some deep hole, and doubt that the fairies buried him, yet they know his body has never been found. And who knows but on a wild night when the river is in flood that Watkins might ride again?

as I was saying . . . . by Herbert Hodge

THIS IS WHERE YOU FIT IN

What you think and do *does* count in the scheme of things. An ordinary life lived usefully, a job done well. . . . These are steps up humanity's ladder

LOOKING THROUGH MY letters (about what's wrong with us and how to put it right) I'm struck by the number of readers who give "lack of purpose in our modern life" as the underlying reason for their present discontents.

Many people today must be feeling very much as I felt after the 1914-18 war. During that war, I was young enough to fall for the "homes for heroes" stuff, but all I, personally, got out of that glorious victory was a fairly long spell of unemployment.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN war came again in 1939, I was experienced enough to realize that being involved in a war of any kind meant disaster—and that the best we could hope for was a slightly more bearable disaster if we won than if we lost.

So I haven't been disappointed. On the contrary.

As a nation, I feel we've come out of the war in much better condition than we had any reasonable right to expect.

At the moment, I think we've got every reason for feeling optimistic about our future — *compared with what it so easily might have been if the Nazis had won.*

That said, let's look at this "lack of purpose"—this feeling of futility that dogs so many of us today, making us feel that nothing we do is worth while. This, I think, goes far deeper than a mere after-the-war feeling, though the aftermath of war undoubtedly makes it worse.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS is a feeling I know something about. It dogged me for over twenty years. It began in my early teens, as soon as I started to think for myself. It persisted until I was thirty-five—by which time I'd at last succeeded in working out a satisfactory purpose in life; or what seemed a satisfactory purpose to me.

I'd been brought up in the old-fashioned way to believe that all would be well so long as I obeyed a certain set of rules that I'd been taught in Sunday school—not the least of which was one about "ordering myself lowly and reverently before my betters." I gathered that, having made my first mistake, on coming into the world, of being born to a father who was unemployed and a mother who, as a consequence, wasn't getting enough to eat, I couldn't hope for very much in *this* life. But, provided I obeyed the rules, I'd surely get my reward in the life to come.

I still think that many of the rules I was taught were, on the whole, good rules—so far as they applied to my personal conduct. (I've never been able to think of many better ones, anyway.)

But as soon as I started to think for myself, I began to feel that I was quite as good a man as my so-called "betters," and that I was as much entitled to have my rewards in this present life as they were.

In thinking like that, I thought I was being original; but, of course, I wasn't. I was simply moving with my times. And it's precisely because so many young men and women of my generation were beginning to think as I was that we've got a Labour Government today.

☆ ☆ ☆

BUT although I think we're better off under our present Government than we should be under that of any other party, I've long since lost my simple faith in the power of politicians to bring about millenniums.

The average politician will go just so far as we push him—and no further. It's only the occasional genius who really leads. (And you daren't let even him lead for very long, because the power so soon goes to his head and ruins him.)

The failure of the 1926 general strike and the Ramsay Macdonald collapse of 1931 wiped out all my early optimism.

I'd lost my forefathers' faith in heavenly harps and happy hunting grounds; I'd lost my own even cruder faith in the power of politicians to give me rewards on earth; so I felt I had to work out a new purpose in life for myself, which should still give me something to live for, no matter what else failed.

Of course, many people seem to require no greater purpose in life than the simple, personal one of trying to bring up a family in decency and modest comfort. And perhaps there could be no finer purpose. But I wanted something wider than that — a purpose that should more obviously link up my own life with the life of humanity as a whole.

I thought back on the countless generations that had lived before me. I dreamed forward to the countless generations to come. I wanted to know what was *my* part in all this. I wondered what difference the lives of those who lived before me had made to my own life; and whether the way I lived, in my turn, should make some small difference, for good or ill, in the lives of those who came after me.

☆ ☆ ☆

I'VE come to the conclusion that I *can* make a difference. The evidence, it seems to me, gathered from what little we know of human history, suggests that even what our cave-dwelling ancestors thought and did, thirty thousand years ago, has helped, for good or ill, to make us the kind of people we are today.

If that is so, then every little thing I think and do may make some small difference to the people who come after me.

And if *I* try to get as near to perfection as I possibly can, some other human being, in, say, ten thousand years time, may find it easier to get a little nearer to perfection than anyone has got before.

I like to think of this as humanity's long-term job; a job in which I take a small but important part; and to which every little job I do in my own short life is intimately related.

☆ ☆ ☆

OUR temporary civilizations may rise and fall, the gods we worship may change from age to age, each political "ism" may have its little day and cease to be. But my purpose (or the great human purpose I try to serve) still goes on—forever trying to reach the perfect way of life.

Does that seem too far up in the clouds to apply to ordinary things like repairing a motor car or sweeping a floor?

I don't think it is. I think it's the one reason beyond all reasons that makes every bit of first-class work we do worth while.

Herbert Hodge makes a constructive approach to life's problems in this regular feature

Second shot, First Prize!

HERE is a *Bullets* recruit who hit the First Prize bull's-eye with his second entry for this fascinating Competition. He is £300 winner N. J. Bowen, 18 Colepits Wood Road, Eltham.

It was on his way to work, this thirty-year-old bank clerk revealed, that he thought out his neat and topical effort, LET'S BE CHEERFUL AND—BLUNT EDGE OF "CUTS"!

Wherever you spend today—at home, at work or on holiday—you can find time to put together a few simple words that can bring you the £300 First Prize in this week's fine 100-cheque Offer. Turn to the *Examples* without delay and fire in *your* prize *Bullet* on the coupon from this page!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received; others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"BULLETS" RESULT 1,588

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Swiss Holiday: D. MacCormack, 53 Church Street, Dundee: **Housewife's Energy Beware "Staggered Hours"** *Overloading!*

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: S. Randle, 2 Acrefield Avenue, Urmston, near Manchester: **Building Castles—On Bloodstained Sand, Terrorists.**

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: C. Gibbs, Brook Farm Cottages, Cowfold, Sussex: **All Went Well Until—After Dinner, Whale "Surfaced"!**

THREE PRIZES of £5 plus Seaside Holiday: W. H. Boughton, 111 Malvern Road, Bournemouth: **Promise Of Peace—"Send Forth"** *Again,* **Palestine!** L. Davies, 46 New Church Road, Wylde Green, Sutton Coldfield: **All Our Scientific—"Deckchairs"—Old "Quicksands" Swallowing?** A. Hague, 89 Outwood Lane, Horsforth, Leeds: **Crazy World—***And* **Blessed "Asylum," Dreamland.**

SIX PRIZES of £2 10s.: Miss L. P. Allen, Somersall, Doveridge, Derbyshire: **In The Crowded Train—Forgetting What** *Railway's* **"Stood"?** R. Bradfield, 379 Queen Street, Withernsea: **Eternal Vigilance—Keeps Dad's Watch Right!** Mrs. M. A. Jones, 13 Hill Street, Bucknall, Stoke-on-Trent: **Minding Baby—Trying—Trying—Satisfying!** Mrs. R. Parkes, 44 Regent Place, Rugby: **Racketeering Rats—Greedy Breed, Greedy Breed.** W. Ruffell, 194 Shirehampton Road, Sea Mills, Bristol: **The Coming Generation—Cared For—Scared For.** J. Trencher, 13 Barton Street, Golborne, near Warrington: **Promise Of Peace—Then Baby Midnight "Molotov"!**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

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WITHOUT RUSSIA
IN THE POSTWAR JUNGLE
BEST POLICY
SEEKING PEACE
WE ADMIRE
WONDERFUL CHANCE
TO AVERT A CATASTROPHE
LEISURE
GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN
BEHIND THE CURTAIN
HONEYED WORDS
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
STRUCK THE WRONG NOTE
A LOVE MATCH
PINTS AND PINTS
MAN WITH A BARROW
FANTASTIC
AUNTIE'S HARMONIUM
TRYING TO GET AWAY

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

KEEPS ON.....
BRAVING THE.....OFFER
LOADED WITH.....
TO ENJOY.....
SHE HATES.....SO

TRY THIS £150 CROSSWORD!

Waiting to be won in this week's Crossword—£100 in First Prize cash, £25 cash for Runners-up and additional awards value £25! Post square below by MON. Aug. 25.

XWORD 540 RESULT

WINNING WORDS:
ACROSS: 1, Rose. 3, Sweet. 10, Lies. 11, Rates. 12, Wet. 14, Dancer. 15, Hot.
DOWN: 2, Side. 4, Words. 5, Tram. 6, Year. 7, Patent. 8, Draw. 9, Dish. 13, Aid.

NINE £100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Beecroft, Wheatley Hills; Mrs. F. Beecroft, Wheatley Hills; Miss E. M. Day, Gosport; R. A. Hart, Liverpool, 15; T. J. Hill, Liverpool, 4; Miss E. Howell, Whitchurch; W. M. Jackson, Bradford; Mrs. C. Mills, Aylsham; E. M. Whitelegg, Croydon.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 29 entrants. £25 Extra Holiday Cash shared amongst 35 prize-winners submitting 8 or more columns.

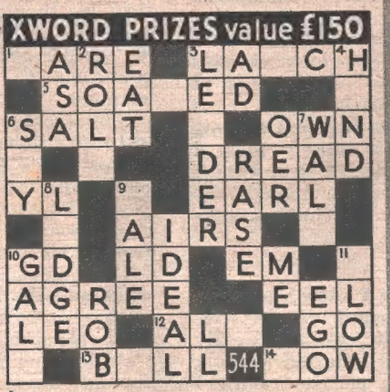
Across Clues **XWORD 544**

1. Being without this, you may enjoy happy holiday at home
3. You shouldn't have to go far before finding one in wood
5. Customers eager to buy expensive luxuries may still be this
12. Might well affect the way a man walks
13. Some people will go out of their way to get round one
14. This is meant to be a tie

Down Clues

2. Staleness of this recommends it to nobody
3. Such a man may at times worry if he hasn't sufficient backing
4. Farm one is better paid these days
6. Average person isn't good at interpreting correct meaning of
7. One round country house may be very fruitful
8. Exhausted mountain climber may be very glad to reach
9. Heavy blow sometimes leads to
10. Even oaks can be affected by
11. Running up hill makes a man

XWORD PRIZES value £150



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra Awards value £25 amongst prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 6 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

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Signed..... **544**
Address.....
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B .....
EX .....
B .....
EX .....
B .....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Changing Husband's Will

"A MAN MADE A WILL leaving everything to his widow, and after her death to his son. The son is married but has no children. Can the widow add a codicil to the will to the effect that in the event of her son's death the estate shall go to whoever she wishes to nominate?"

▸▸ She cannot do this. The husband's will must stand.

Landlady's Right of Entry

"I AM RENTING an unfurnished flat, a single room in the owner's house, but the landlady has a key with which she can enter during my absence. Is it legal for her to do this?"

▸▸ She has apparently no right to enter the room without your consent. You cannot prevent her from having a key, but she should not use it unless you agree to her doing so.

Tax on Church Savings

"WE HAVE ABOUT £500 in the Post Office Savings Bank in the name of our church. Can you tell me if we are liable to pay income tax on the interest which we receive?"

▸▸ A church is normally recognized as a "charity" for income tax purposes and is therefore exempt.

Obstructing the View

"A HOUSE HAS BEEN built on land adjoining my garden, and the evergreens in my garden hide the windows. Can the owner compel me to lop the trees so that they do not obstruct his view?"

▸▸ There is no legal right to a view except under an agreement.

Clothing Coupons

"CAN YOU PLEASE inform me of the date when the 1945-46 clothing coupons will cease to be valid?"

▸▸ These coupons will expire on October 31, 1947.

Dental Benefit

"THE DENTIST IS NOT prepared to accept payment for my dentures at the rates fixed by National Health. If I pay for them myself, can I apply to the National Health Committee for a grant towards the cost? I have been a contributor for seventeen years without claiming any benefits whatever."

▸▸ If you pay for the dentures yourself you cannot claim any contributions towards the cost from National Health Insurance. Such a contribution is only allowable by approved societies which have additional benefit schemes allowing dental treatment, provided the society issues a dental letter, which is completed and returned by the dentist. The society states the amount of its contribution before treatment commences.

Cost of Wiring

"BEFORE THE WAR I had electric light installed in the house at my own expense with the consent of the owner. If I move to a modern house can I ask the owner to pay me the cost of wiring, as it has added to the value of the house? If he refuses, can I remove the wiring, lights, etc.?"

▸▸ The landlord is not obliged to pay you for the cost of wiring the house for electricity. You may remove the bulbs, flex and detachable fittings, but not the wiring.

Parcels to Russian Zone

"IS IT POSSIBLE for me to send a parcel of food to a German family living in the Russian Zone in Germany?"

▸▸ The answer is "yes," provided the regulations regarding food parcels are complied with.

Postwar Credit

"MY SISTER-IN-LAW, a single woman, has been paying income tax since 1941 but has never received any receipts for postwar credits. Has she any claim? If so, what do you advise her to do?"

▸▸ There has been delay in issuing postwar credit certificates in certain cases, but this will not prejudice the taxpayer's right to receive payment when the time comes Unless your sister-in-law is over sixty and therefore in a position to claim payment now, we do not advise her to take further action for the time being.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

RED. (1) The Turkish equivalent of the Red Cross (substituted by Turkey because the cross is a Christian symbol while Turkey—and the crescent—are Moslem). (2) British merchant ships. (3) On the hunting field; the red coats are called pink. (4) The old law that a man with a red flag must walk before self-propelled road vehicles. (5) A butterfly.

FILMS. (1) *Saludos Amigos* and *The Three Caballeros.* (2) Russian. (3) The original sound-track is cut out and an English one substituted. (4) Caligari; Conrad Veidt. (5) Films made quickly and cheaply to make up the percentage of British films which must be shown under the quota regulations.

SONGS. (1) *Oklahoma!* (2) It was a lover and his lass. (3) Harry Champion. (4) Lili Marlene. (5) Irving Berlin; Cole Porter.

MANNERS. (1) It began when the man sought to give the woman greater safety from traffic, splashes, dirty roadways and attack. (2) Table-napkin. (3) The man to the woman. (4) Yes, in a warship's wardroom. (5) Lifting the visor of the helmet to show the face.

LABOUR. (1) A factory, office, etc., which employs only members of the appropriate union or unions. (2) They opened the first co-operative shop, in Rochdale, 1844. (3) Strikers' representatives stationed by the union to persuade others not to work during a strike. (4) John L. Lewis, president of the United Mineworkers of America (Arthur Horner is general secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers). (5) Robert Blatchford; it was an early Socialist tract.

ISLANDS. (1) Corsica; Elba; St. Helena. (2) Pitcairn Island. (3) The eastern end of Kent (not an island at all). (4) Huge primitive sculptures. (5) No; Aran is off the west coast of Ireland, while Arran is in the Firth of Clyde, Scotland.

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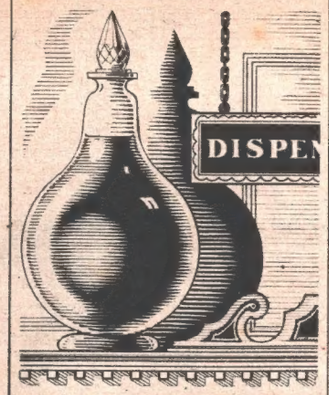

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G.E.1342.E